







REGENTS RENAISSANCE DRAMA SERIES

*General Editor:* Cyrus Hoy

*Advisory Editor:* G. E. Bentley

THE TRAITOR





JAMES SHIRLEY

# The Traitor

*Edited by*

JOHN STEWART CARTER



LONDON

EDWARD ARNOLD (PUBLISHERS) LTD.

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Published in Great Britain by Edward Arnold (Publishers) Ltd.  
First Published in Great Britain 1965

Printed in Great Britain by  
William Clowes and Sons, Limited, London and Beccles

# Regents Renaissance Drama Series

The purpose of the Regents Renaissance Drama Series is to provide soundly edited texts, in modern spelling, of the more significant plays of the Elizabethan, Jacobean, and Caroline theater. Each text in the series is based on a fresh collation of all sixteenth- and seventeenth-century editions. The textual notes, which appear above the line at the bottom of each page, record all substantive departures from the edition used as the copy-text. Variant substantive readings among sixteenth- and seventeenth-century editions are listed there as well. In cases where two or more of the old editions present widely divergent readings, a list of substantive variants in editions through the seventeenth century is given in an appendix. Editions after 1700 are referred to in the textual notes only when an emendation originating in some one of them is received into the text. Variants of accidentals (spelling, punctuation, capitalization) are not recorded in the notes. Contracted forms of characters' names are silently expanded in speech prefixes and stage directions, and, in the case of speech prefixes, are regularized. Additions to the stage directions of the copy-text are enclosed in brackets. Stage directions such as "within" or "aside" are enclosed in parentheses when they occur in the copy-text.

Spelling has been modernized along consciously conservative lines. "Murther" has become "murder," and "burthen," "burden," but within the limits of a modernized text, and with the following exceptions, the linguistic quality of the original has been carefully preserved. The variety of contracted forms (*'em*, *'am*, *'m*, *'um*, *'hem*) used in the drama of the period for the pronoun *them* are here regularly given as *'em*, and the alternation between *a'th* and *o'th* (for *on* or *of the*) is regularly reproduced as *o'th*. The copy-text distinction between preterite endings in *-d* and *-ed* is preserved except where the elision of *e* occurs in the penultimate syllable; in such cases, the final syllable is contracted. Thus, where the old editions read "threat'ned," those of the present series read "threaten'd." Where, in the old editions, a contracted preterite in *-y'd* would yield *-i'd* in modern

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spelling (as in "try'd," "cry'd," "deny'd"), the word is here given in its full form (e.g., "tried," "cried," "denied").

Punctuation has been brought into accord with modern practices. The effort here has been to achieve a balance between the generally light pointing of the old editions, and a system of punctuation which, without overloading the text with exclamation marks, semicolons, and dashes, will make the often loosely flowing verse (and prose) of the original syntactically intelligible to the modern reader. Dashes are regularly used only to indicate interrupted speeches, or shifts of address within a single speech.

Explanatory notes, chiefly concerned with glossing obsolete words and phrases, are printed below the textual notes at the bottom of each page. References to stage directions in the notes follow the admirable system of the Revels editions, whereby stage directions are keyed, decimally, to the line of the text before or after which they occur. Thus, a note on 0.2 has reference to the second line of the stage direction at the beginning of the scene in question. A note on 115.1 has reference to the first line of the stage direction following line 115 of the text of the relevant scene.

CYRUS HOY

University of Rochester

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## Abbreviations

<i>DNB</i>	<i>Dictionary of National Biography</i>
Gifford	William Gifford, ed. <i>The Dramatic Works and Poems of James Shurley</i> , with additional notes by the Rev. Alexander Dyce. 6 vols. London, 1833.
<i>OED</i>	<i>Oxford English Dictionary</i>
Oliphant	E. H. C. Oliphant, ed. <i>Elizabethan Dramatists other than Shakespeare</i> . New York, 1931.
Q1	First Quarto of 1635
Q2	Second Quarto of 1692
S.D.	Stage direction
S.P.	Speech prefix

# Introduction

## SOURCES

A hint of the plot of *The Traitor* occurs in the twelfth novel of Margaret of Navarre's *Heptameron*. It is the barest outline, however, of Shirley's play: a nameless duke in Florence makes the proposal to a nameless gentleman of his court that the gentleman play pander for the duke to the gentleman's own sister. The gentleman loves his sister and family honor too much, so he kills his sister, places her in bed, and sends the duke to her. When the duke discovers she is dead, the gentleman rushes in and kills him in order to deliver the state from a tyrant. The gentleman and his servant then escape to Venice, and later to Turkey. Inasmuch as Shirley uses many historical details and assigns the correct names to the historic personages involved, it is highly probable that he used some history of Florence for the main part of his plot, and it is not at all necessary that he have seen, or having seen, remembered the account in the *Heptameron* at all. The only history of Florence actually popular in England in Shirley's time was Machiavelli's, which ran through a great number of editions. This, however, contains no reference to the story. The earliest editions of Varchi's *Storia Fiorentina*, or of Segni's *Istorie Fiorentine*, both of which do contain the tale, are 1720 and 1725 respectively;<sup>1</sup> whether Shirley used an Italian history, or one published in England and now lost sight of, must remain a matter of conjecture for the present. Certain details in *The Traitor* must have proceeded from some historical source, and Forsythe thinks Segni the most similar. He says:

The characters in the tragedy agree with the historical personages thus: Alexander, Duke of Florence=Alessandro de

<sup>1</sup> The British Museum Catalogue records these editions earlier than any listed by Brunet, Jocher, or any of the other standard lists of such books. Both, however, existed in manuscript before 1600. Cf. Bernardo Segni, *Istorie Fiorentine dall' Anno MDXXVII al MDLV*, ed. G. Gargani (Firenze: Barbera, Bianchi, 1857), pp. vi-ix; and Benedetto Varchi, *Lesioni sul Dante e Prose Varie*, ed. Giuseppi Arbio (Firenze: "Societa Editrice delle Storie del Mardi e del Varchi," 1841), pp. xxxiv-xxxv.



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Medici; Lorenzo=Lorenzino de Medici; Amidea=Luisa Strozzi, Caterina Ginori, and Laldomine Salviati (the name given to the lady chosen by the Duke in Napier, Segni, and Varchi respectively. There is no hint in any of them for the character of Amidea as developed by Shirley). Cosmo=Cosimo de Medici; Sciarra=Lorenzino and Scoronconcolo; Florio=Guilano de Medici; . . . Petruccio=Scoronconcolo. . . .

Alessandro besought Lorenzino to make an assignation for him with the latter's aunt, Caterina Ginori. Finally Lorenzino agreed to bring a meeting about. He told the duke that it was arranged, and that the two were to meet secretly at his house for the sake of the lady's reputation. Lorenzino left the duke in his chamber after securing his sword and fastening the door, and with a bravo called Scoronconcolo (whom he had prepared to commit a murder for him) set upon the duke and killed him in spite of his struggles. The two then fled. Cosimo de Medici, who was not quite eighteen, was chosen to succeed Alessandro (Napier, *Florentine History*, Bk. III, Chap. 1. Based on Varchi).

Segni (*Istorie Fiorentine*, p. 314) says that Lorenzino promised to procure his sister Laldomine, widow of Alemanno Salviati, for the duke who wished for a son whom he could be certain was his own. Lorenzino promised to bring the two together when his mother was absent. She had left Florence on the day of the assassination to visit her younger son, Guiliano.

Varchi (*Storia Fiorentina*, V, 106) says that Luisa Strozzi, to whom Alessandro had made advances, was poisoned by her relatives in order to save her from him.<sup>2</sup>

The subplot concerning the betrothal of Pisano and Oriana, and the vengeance taken upon him by the family of his abandoned mistress, is based on the murder of Buondelmonte de' Buondelmonti in Florence in the year 1215. Shirley's use of the account of the affair in Thomas Bedingfield's translation of Machiavelli's *Florentine History* has recently been pointed out by A. P. Riemer.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> Robert Stanley Forsythe, *The Relations of Shirley's Plays to the Elizabethan Drama* (New York, 1914), pp. 154-155.

<sup>3</sup> "A Source for Shirley's *The Traitor*," *Review of English Studies*, New Series, XIV (1963), pp. 380-383.

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### STAGE HISTORY

*The Traitor* was licensed by Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels, on May 4, 1631.<sup>4</sup> It was one of the plays protected by the Lord Chamberlain for the theatrical manager, William Beeston, in an edict of August 10, 1639, whereby all other companies of actors were warned "not [in] any wayes to intermedle wth or Act" any of the plays therein mentioned.<sup>5</sup> After the Restoration there is ample proof that it held the stage. It is in the list of plays acted by the Red Bull actors in the early years of the Restoration;<sup>6</sup> it was presented by the King's Company on November 6 and November 22, 1660.<sup>7</sup> *The Trayter* is in Downes' list of "Old Plays . . . Acted but now and then; yet being well Perform'd . . . very Satisfactory to the Town."<sup>8</sup> Pepys saw it four times between 1660 and 1667.<sup>9</sup> Dessoiff mentions a performance by an English company during a carnival in Dresden in 1661 which may have been of *The Traitor*.<sup>10</sup> The sum of ten pounds is recorded for a performance of the play "before royalty" by the Theater-Royal Company on November 10, 1674.<sup>11</sup> The altered version of the play printed in the quarto of 1692 was, according to the title page, currently being acted at the Theater Royal in Drury Lane.

In the eighteenth century, Shirley's *Traitor* was apparently supplanted by alterations. Genest records two performances of the play, both at Drury Lane. The first was presented on October 19, 1703, under the title *Traytor, or Tragedy of Amidea*,<sup>12</sup> and the second on October 10, 1704.<sup>13</sup> The several later performances of *The Traitor* recorded by Nicoll are of the adaptation attributed to Christopher

<sup>4</sup> J. Q. Adams, ed., *The Dramatic Records of Sir Henry Herbert* (New Haven, 1917), p. 33.

<sup>5</sup> G. E. Bentley, *The Jacobean and Caroline Stage* (Oxford, 1941), I, 331.

<sup>6</sup> Adams, p. 82.

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 116. Cf. also Allardyce Nicoll, *A History of Restoration Drama, 1660-1700* (Cambridge, 1928), p. 82.

<sup>8</sup> John Downes, *Roscius Anglicanus; or an Historical Review of the Stage, 1660-1706*, ed. Montague Summers (London, n.d.), p. 9.

<sup>9</sup> Cf. Helen McAfee, *Pepys on the Restoration Stage* (New Haven, 1916), p. 126.

<sup>10</sup> A. Dessoiff, "Ueber englische . . . Dramen in d Spielverzeichnissen dt Wandertruppen" (*Studien z vergleich Literaturgesch*, 1901), pp. 421 ff.

<sup>11</sup> Nicoll, *Restoration Drama*, pp. 306-307.

<sup>12</sup> John Genest, *Some Account of the English Stage* (Bath, 1832), II, 295.

<sup>13</sup> *Ibid.*, II, 316.

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Bullock (1690?–1724).<sup>14</sup> This was printed anonymously in 1718, as (according to the title page) “it is acted at the new theater in Little Lincolns-Inn-Fields. Reviv’d with several alterations.”

*The Traitor* survives in the nineteenth century in the form of *Evadne*, by Richard Sheil (1791–1851). This adaptation was immensely popular in both England and America,<sup>15</sup> and became No. LII of French’s *Standard Drama*. The play is a very bad nineteenth-century blank-verse tragedy, full of theatrical claptrap, and it is easy to see why it should have been a success. It is particularly interesting to the student of *The Traitor* because it shows the nineteenth-century mind at work on the Jacobean material. Thus, from the 1631 licensing date to *Evadne*, which was played as late as 1881, there is a two hundred and fifty year record of the play and, indirectly, of the audiences which applauded it.<sup>16</sup>

## THE PLAY

The success of *The Traitor* as a theatrical piece can be attributed to its highly professional polish, and its use of immediately classifiable characters along with tried and true dramatic situations. Shirley is an accomplished metrist, and his loose, supple line is ideally suited to the spoken drama, for it provides for the smooth exchange of necessary information, accommodates itself to the fashionable conceited and lyric griefs of Amedia and Oriana, and gives Sciarra and Lorenzo the opportunity to tear a passion to tatters. It never achieves the craggy grandeur of Tourneur or Webster, and it seldom experiments with syntax. It almost always, even in swift exchanges, confines itself to five regulation feet, but it is sufficiently, if not subtly, varied to avoid any hint of the sing-song or the stiffness of the Latinate

<sup>14</sup> Allardyce Nicoll, *A History of Early Eighteenth Century Drama, 1700–1750* (Cambridge, 1925), p. 301. Cf. also Genest (II, 648) where, under the account of the revival of October 11, 1718, the play is said not to have been acted in twenty years.

<sup>15</sup> Genest (VIII, 699) says that this alteration was acted thirty times at Covent Garden during the season 1818–1819. Arthur H. Wilson (“A History of the Philadelphia Theater, 1835–1855,” Ph.D. dissertation, University of Pennsylvania, 1935) records thirty-five performances in Philadelphia between 1835 and 1855. William G. B. Carson (*The Theater on the Frontier*, Chicago, 1932) records performances in St. Louis in 1832, 1836, and 1837 (pp. 322, 324, 325); and Forsythe (p. 33) cites a performance in New York as late as December 13, 1881.

<sup>16</sup> *Evadne* itself was further altered, and its last form is that which appears in Dick’s *British Theater* (London, 1864–1872).

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tragedies. The vocabulary is very rarely arresting, and there are few words that have to be glossed even for twentieth-century readers.

The modern reader may have more difficulty with the specifically Jacobean attitudes and materials of the play. Indeed, it is interesting to see these discarded as the play reappears in 1692, and finally as *Evadne. The Traitor* is essentially a formula play, and there is nothing in it that had not, by 1631, been proved successful. The audiences that originally viewed it would have been no more perplexed by the material than a modern audience, faced with the conventions of a western, spy, or gangster movie, would be puzzled by what it knows to be the exigencies of the *genre*.

The play begins with the sworn-brothers theme of Cosmo and Pisano. Probably the most famous example of this, apart from Chaucer's "Knight's Tale," is in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, but examples abound from *The Faerie Queene* and the "Friendship" masque in the *Gesta Grayorum* to Shirley's own *The Grateful Servant*. The sentiment, "I were not worthy to be call'd his friend/ Whom I preferr'd not to a mistress" (I.i.133-134), is so common that no explanation would be needed. *The Grateful Servant* (IV ii) is probably nearest to the actual situation in the better known plays of Shirley, but his *The Doubtful Heir* (III.i; IV.i), *The Court Secret* (V.ii), *Love in a Maze* (II.ii), *The Gamester* (IV.ii), *The Constant Maid* (IV.ii), and *Honorio and Mammon* (V.ii) use the same theme. Indeed, *The Traitor* returns to it twice, once in II.ii, and again in IV.ii.

The villainous Lorenzo is a stock character. Shirley regularly uses villains in the Iagoesque-Machiavellian tradition as the mainspring of his plots, as in *The Politician* (Gotharus), *The Cardinal* (the cardinal himself), *Chabot* (the Chancellor), *The Duke's Mistress* (Leontio and Valerio), *The Coronation* (Cassander), *The Imposture* (Flaviano), and *The Court Secret* (Roderigo). These villains are all either near relatives or favorites of their sovereigns, and they usually have as motives love or ambition or both. Forsythe<sup>17</sup> traces the type from Carisophus in Richard Edwardes' *Damon and Pythias*, to Machville (note the name) in Thomas Rawlins' *The Rebellion*. The figure would have needed no more explanation for a 1631 audience than the "bad guy" of a television western needs today.

Sciarrha is the hero so hotheaded that he becomes ineffectual. Laertes is the immediately recognizable ancestor, except of course that there is no Hamlet here as foil. The set pieces—arias, really—of

<sup>17</sup> Forsythe, *op. cit.*, p. 97.

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his ranting were so much a convention of the theater that it would be pointless to number them, and although a modern audience would be inclined to laugh at a twelve-line speech of extended metaphor beginning "My voice is ravisht from me," the seventeenth-century audience would have seen nothing at all odd.

Amideia is equally a stock character. Forsythe<sup>18</sup> lists seventeen instances outside of Shirley where the virtuous heroine uses a weapon to defend herself, and in Shirley, *The Duke's Mistress* (V.i) and *St. Patrick for Ireland* (IV.i) have examples of virgins unafraid of "Lucrece's fair example." The tests to which Sciarrha subjects his sister are so usual that examples extend from *Tamburlaine* (Pt. II, I.ii) to Sir Aston Cokain's *Trapolin Supposed a Prince* (III.i; IV.ii; V.ii). Shirley himself used such tests in no fewer than fifteen plays. In his defense, it might be said that he never used them more than twice in the same play. *Trapolin*, Massinger's *The Renegado*, and Henry Shirley's *The Martyred Soldier* use tests of virtue three times. Even the circumstance that the trial is made by a near relative pretending to act as a pander is not new. In Shirley, *The Gamester* (II.i) provides an example of the same sort of thing. The most conspicuous parallel is in Tourneur's *The Revenger's Tragedy* (II.i), but the anonymous *Edward III* (II.i) and *The Second Maiden's Tragedy* (II.i), Heywood's *A Woman Killed with Kindness* (V.i), Middleton's *Women Beware Women* (II.i), Fletcher's *The Loyal Subject* (III.iv) and *A Wife for a Month* (I.i), and D'Avenant's *The Cruel Brother* (III.i) all have relatives acting as panders for one reason or another.

So set was the pattern of the noble woman, that in her death Amideia is forced by convention to declare, "I drew the weapon to it," and so win the audience's heart with a dying, noble lie. Desdemona's similar lie, it should be remembered, is dictated by her desire to save Othello. Since Sciarrha's life is already forfeit, Amideia has no reason to take upon herself this guilt, except that the Jacobean audience would have expected it of her.

The final episode of Amideia's body "discover'd in a bed prepar'd by two Gentlewomen" is reminiscent of "Vendice, with the skull of his betrothed dressed up in tires," in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, or the painted (and poisoned) corpse of the Duchess Marcelia in Massinger's *The Duke of Milan*; so, too, the duke's entrance and approach to the corpse and his destruction in *The Traitor* parallel the final moments of the doomed dukes in Tourneur and Massinger.

<sup>18</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 160.

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### THE TEXT

*The Traitor* was entered on the Stationers' Register in 1634 thus:

	30 Novembris
William Cooke.	Entred for his Copie vnder the hands of Sir HENRY HERBERT/ and both the wardens a Play called <i>the Traytor &amp;c</i> by JAMES SHIRLEY.....vj-. <sup>19</sup>

The quarto duly appeared with the following title page:

THE/ TRAYTOR./ A/ TRAGEDIE,/ VVRITTEN/ BY/  
[rule]/ JAMES SHIRLEY./ [rule]/ ACTED/ By her Majesties  
Servants./ [ornament]/ [rule]/ LONDON:/ Printed for *William  
Cooke*, and are to be sold/ at his Shop at *Furnivals Inne-gate*/ in  
*Holborne*. 1635.

The present edition is based on a collation of five copies of the 1635 quarto text: the copy in the library of the University of Chicago, the Newberry Library copy, the two copies in the Huntington Library, and my own copy. While it is known that alterations in spelling and punctuation were made in Q1 while the sheets were passing through the press, no variants of a substantive nature have been found among the copies collated.

Although *The Stationers' Register* records no transfer of Cooke's rights in the play, the quarto of *The Traitor* that was printed in 1692 was published by Richard Parker and Samuel Briscoe. The title page of this edition (Q2) reads as follows:

THE/ TRAYTOR./ A/ TRAGEDY:/ WITH/ Alterations,  
Amendments, and Additions./ [rule]/ As it is now Acted at the  
Theatre Royal, by their Majesties Servants./ [rule]/ Written by  
Mr. *Rivers*./ [rule]/ [ornament]/ [rule]/ LONDON,/ Printed for  
*Richard Parker* at the Royal Exchange, and *Sam. Briscoe* in *Covent  
Garden*, over against *Wills Coffee-House*./ MDCXCII.

The principal problem raised by the 1692 quarto is that of authorship. Although the title page can be read as attributing only the "Alterations, Amendments, and Additions" to "Mr. Rivers," the

<sup>19</sup> Edward Arber, *A Transcript of the Registers of the Company of Stationers of London; 1554-1640 A.D.* (London, 1875-1877), IV, 329.

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dedication to the Earl of Clancarty leaves little doubt that the publishers considered, or wished the public to consider, that Rivers was the author. Of the play, they say:

I will not slander it with my Praise, it is Commendation enough, to say the Author was Mr. Rivers.<sup>20</sup>

One other reference in the same year ascribes the play to Rivers. Peter de Motteux printed the following notice in *The Gentleman's Journal*, of which he was the editor:

The Traytor, an old Tragedy, hath not only been revived the last Month, but also been reprinted with Alterations and Amendments: It was supposed to be Shirley's, but he only usher'd it in to the Stage; The Author of it was one Mr. Rivers, A Jesuite, who wrote it in his Confinement in Newgate, where he died. It hath always been esteemed a very good Play, by the best Judges of Dramatick Writing.<sup>21</sup>

The most famous "Mr. Rivers, A Jesuite," is Anthony Rivers, who flourished, according to the account in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, around 1616. It is this Rivers that Gregory<sup>22</sup> and others<sup>23</sup> consider to be meant by the 1692 references. Gillow, however, has unearthed another Anthony Rivers nearer to the time, and one who died in Newgate. The entry in Gillow reads:

Anthony Rivers, *vere* Whitelocke. He is probably identical with the "John Rivers" who Prynne says was discharged from prison, giving bond for his appearance in 1635. Subsequently he was rearrested and died in Newgate, a confessor of the faith under the sentence of death.

Both Dyce (Shirley, "Dramatic Works," I, xiv, and Fleay, "Biog. Chron.," s.v. "Rivers") treat that ascription to Rivers as a dishonest attempt to claim the play for a Roman Catholic, but there is nothing improbable in the story, for James Shirley

<sup>20</sup> The 1692 "Dedication."

<sup>21</sup> *The Gentleman's Journal or the Monthly Miscellany*, April 13, 1692, p. 21.

<sup>22</sup> George MacKendrick Gregory, *Two Studies in James Shirley* ("A digest of matter selected from a dissertation entitled 'James Shirley's *The Traitor*,'" Duke University, 1932 [Durham, 1935]), pp. 5-6.

<sup>23</sup> Halliwell believed the claim of the 1692 title page, and accords the 1692 quarto a separate entry with the alterations as by Rivers (J. Halliwell-Phillips, *A Dictionary of Old English Plays*, London, 1860, p. 250).

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(q.v.) [there is no entry for Shirley in Gillow] was a Catholic, and no doubt would be well acquainted with Mr. Rivers, who certainly would not have issued the play under his own name.<sup>24</sup>

Whatever may be thought of Gillow's argument, his candidate for the authorship is certainly more likely than the earlier Rivers, who is not mentioned as having returned to England after 1610, and who, so far as we know, was never in Newgate. Neither Rivers, however, was known to have written any plays, and Gillow's candidate engaged in no literary activity. One other Rivers is a possibility: George Rivers who wrote *The Heroïnae; or the lives of Arria, Paulina, Lucrecia, Dido, Theatilla, Cypriana, Aetaphilia* (London: R. Bishop, for J. Golby, 1639). He, however, seems to be mentioned nowhere but in the *Short Title Catalogue* and in sundry library catalogues, and there only as the author of this one book.

Over against these very vague claims of authorship must be placed the following indisputable facts. The play was licensed by the Master of the Revels for presentation as Shirley's on May 4, 1631,<sup>25</sup> and entered for publication, again as Shirley's, in *The Stationers' Register*, on November 30, 1634. There is no reference to any Rivers, save George, as the author of anything before 1692, and George Rivers was not a Jesuit, so far as we know, and was never in Newgate. From the language of the 1692 dedication, we should expect the "Mr. Rivers" to be well known. If he were responsible only for the alterations, we should expect him to be acutely aware of the problems connected with stage production and actor's business. No Rivers suggested so far fits any of these qualifications. If he were responsible for the whole play, as Gillow and the 1692 dedication assert, then the play would be one of those rare literary freaks, the single work which is a great success.<sup>26</sup> But more than that, it would be a single work which is not claimed for its rightful author until after a fifty-seven year interval, during which every known mention of it refers it to another, incomparably better-known author whose every known stylistic mark the play bears. With the exceptions noticed, all scholarly opinion discredits the 1692 ascription of the play to Rivers.

The reputation of the 1692 quarto need not be completely blackened because of this false claim of authorship. Q2 presents a text of the

<sup>24</sup> Joseph Gillow, *A Literary and Biographical History, or Bibliographical Dictionary of the English Catholics* (London, 1885-1902), s.v. "Rivers."

<sup>25</sup> Adams, p. 33.

<sup>26</sup> Cf. the discussion under "Stage History."



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same play which was printed in 1635, and presents it as the play was presumably produced after the Restoration. The variations, whatever their authority, are almost always interesting, and although they almost always consist of omissions, omissions can be as significant as interpolations. Both omissions and the few additions are recorded in the textual notes of this edition, for they are done with considerable theatrical skill and indicate the manner in which the play was produced at the later date.

JOHN STEWART CARTER

Chicago Teachers College

## THE TRAITOR

To the Right Honorable William Cavendish,  
Earl of Newcastle, Viscount Mansfield,  
Lord Bolsover and Ogle.

MY LORD,

The honor of your name and clearness of soul, which want  
no living monuments in the heart of princes, have already  
made the title of this poem innocent, though not the author,  
who confesseth his guilt of a long ambition by some service  
to be known to you, and his boldness at last by this rude  
attempt to kiss your Lordship's hands. 5 10

Fame with one breath hath possessed the world with your  
Lordship's general knowledge and excellent nature: both an  
ornament to your blood, and in both you stand the rare and  
justified example to our age. To the last, these cold papers  
address themselves, which if (with truce to your richer  
contemplations) you vouchsafe to read and smile upon, not only  
they shall receive a life beyond what the scene exactly gave  
them in the presentment, rewarded with frequent applause,  
but your Lordship shall infinitely honor him whose glory is  
to be mentioned, 15 20

The humblest of your Lordship's servants,  
JAMES SHIRLEY

---

1. *Cavendish*] Cavendish, later the Duke of Newcastle, was so beneficent a patron that Langbaine (cf. *DNB*) says "since the time of Augustus no person better understood dramatic poetry, nor more generously encouraged poets so that we may truly call him our English Maecenas." He was host at Welbeck (1633) and Bolsover (1634) for two entertainments costing over £20,000 and for which Jonson wrote the verses. Jonson also wrote elegies celebrating his riding and fencing, epitaphs for his father and mother, and an interlude for the christening of his son. Other dramatists dedicated their works to him: Dryden, his *Mock Astrologer*, and Shadwell, his *Virtuoso* and *Libertine*. Dryden used the duke's translation of *L'Étourdi* for *Sir Martin Marfall* Anthony à Wood (*Athenae Oxoniensis* [London, 1692] II, 262) credits Shirley with "assisting" the duke in "the composure of certain Plays." The duke lived to entertain Hobbes, Descartes, Gassendi, and died at the age of 83 in 1676/77.

7. *title of this poem innocent*] Some effort may have been made by the earl in behalf of the play at the time of licensing. The play deals with regicide, always a dangerous subject.

12-13. *both an ornament*] i.e., both are an ornament.

To my Friend, Master James Shirley,  
the Author

Friend, how I haste into that name! My quill  
Runs fraught with my whole soul, and fears to spill  
One drop before it, proud to have men know  
The glory of the name thou didst bestow,  
And to derive Eternity thereto 5  
From this learn'd work, which marble could not do:  
Ambitious to posterity to send  
For light to both, thy *Traitor* and thy friend.  
This, and I've said: for friend I stand not here  
To praise, or in thy quarrel spend my jeer 10  
On some third man, nor court I, I profess,  
The humorous reader into gentleness.  
No, friend, thou writ'st before, thy self, and when  
Shirley is nam'd, praise is the same again.

WILL ATKINS 15  
of Gray's Inn

---

10. *jeer*] a noun. "I am not going to praise you by dispraising some other author."

15. *Will Atkins*] The name is so common in records that without further identification than "of Gray's Inn" it is a hopeless task to try to trace him. Shirley's connections with Gray's Inn were numerous, and he himself is identified as "James Shirley of Grayes Inn, Gent." on the title page of *The Triumph of Peace* (published 1633).

## The Persons

DUKE OF FLORENCE	
LORENZO	<i>his kinsman and favorite</i>
SCIARRHA	<i>brother to Amidea</i>
PISANO	<i>lover to Oriana</i>
COSMO	<i>his friend</i>
FLORIO	<i>Sciarrha's brother</i>
DEPAZZI	<i>a creature of Lorenzo's</i>
FREDERICO	<i>Noblemen</i>
ALONZO	
PETRUCHIO	<i>Pisano's servant</i>
ROGERO	<i>page to Depazzi</i>
GENTLEMEN	
SERVANTS	
AMIDEA	<i>Sciarrha's sister</i>
ORIANA	<i>beloved of Pisano</i>
MOROSA	<i>her mother</i>
LUST, PLEASURE, FURIES	

The Scene, Florence.

# The Traitor

[I.i] *Enter Pisano and Petruchio.*

PISANO.

Didst bid him come?

PETRUCHIO.

I did.

PISANO.

Go back again

And tell him I am gone abroad.

PETRUCHIO.

He's here

*Enter Cosmo.*

Already, sir.

PISANO.

O Cosmo!

COSMO.

Dear Pisano,

That I could let thee nearer into me.

My heart counts this embrace a distance yet.

5

Let us incorporate.

PISANO.

I was wooing, Cosmo,

My man to tell thee I was gone abroad

Before thou cam'st.

COSMO.

How's this? Your words and looks

Are strange, and teach me to infer I am

Not welcome, that on riper counsel you

10

Do wish my absence.

PISANO.

What? For telling truth?

He thus should ha' but made thee fit to see

Thy friend. Thou com'st with expectation

To hear me talk sense, dost not?

COSMO.

Yes.

3. O Cosmo!] *Q1; not in Q2.*

12. ha' but made] *Q1; have made*

4. That . . . me.] *Q1; not in Q2.*

*Q2.*

5. My] *Q1; And yet my Q2.*

14-15. sense . . . discourse] *Q1; not*

6. Let us incorporate.] *Q1; not in Q2.*

*in Q2.*

---

6. *incorporate*] unite in one body.

- PISANO. La now!  
 And to discourse as I was wont of state, 15  
 Our friendship, or of women? No such matter.
- COSMO.  
 This is more wild than usual. Your language  
 Is not so clear as it was wont. It carries  
 Not the same even thread. Although some words  
 May knit, the sense is scatter'd.
- PISANO. Right, right, Cosmo. 20  
 The reason is I ha' straggled,  
 And lost myself, I know not where, in what  
 Part of the world, and would not this be shown  
 As well in him to ha' prepar'd thee now?
- COSMO. 25  
 What humor's this, Pisano, I am yet  
 To understand.
- PISANO. To understand? Why, Cosmo,  
 Had I not chang'd my dialect and method,  
 What need this tedious apology?  
 That's it I would have had thee known before.  
 Thou canst not understand me, yet thou hast 30  
 A name in Florence for a ripe young man  
 Of nimble apprehension, of a wise  
 And spreading observation, of whom  
 Already our old men do prophesy  
 Good and great things, worthy thy fair dimensions. 35
- COSMO.  
 This is an argument above the rest  
 Pisano is not well; for being temperate,  
 He was not wont to flatter and abuse  
 His friend.
- PISANO. Beside, there is another reason  
 Thou shouldst discover me at heart through all 40  
 These mists. Thou art in love too, and who cannot,  
 That feels himself the heat, but shrewdly guess
16. women? No] *Q1*; Women, 26-29. Why, Cosmo . . . before.]  
*Cosmo* Yes: no *Q2*. *Q1*; not in *Q2*.  
 18-20. It carries . . . scatter'd.] *Q1*; 39. Beside] *Q1*; Besides *Q2*.  
 not in *Q2*.

---

29. *known*] acquainted with.

At every symptom of that wanton fever?

O Cosmo!

COSMO. What misfortune can approach  
Your happy love in fairest Amidea? 45  
You have been long contracted, and have pass'd  
The tedious hope. Hymen doth only wait  
An opportunity to light his torch,  
Which will burn glorious at your nuptial.  
Let jealous lovers fear and feel what 'tis 50  
To languish, talk away their blood and strength,  
Question their unkind stars. You have your game  
Before you, sir.

PISANO. Before me? Where? Why dost  
Thou mock me, Cosmo? She's not here—

COSMO. It is  
No pilgrimage to travel to her lip. 55

PISANO.  
'Tis not for you.

COSMO. How, sir, for me? Y'ave no  
Suspicion I can be guilty of  
A treason to our friendship? Be so just,  
If malice have been busy with my fame,  
To let me know—

PISANO. You hastily interpret. 60  
Thy pardon. I have only err'd, but not  
With the least scruple of thy faith and honor  
To me. Thou hast a noble soul, and lov'st me  
Rather too well. I would thou wert my enemy,  
That we had been born in distant climes, and never 65  
Took cement from our sympathies in nature.  
Would we had never seen or known each other.  
This may seem strange from him that loves thee, Cosmo,  
More precious than his life.

COSMO. Love me, and wish  
This separation?

44. O Cosmo!] *Q1*; my Friend! 46-49. You . . . nuptial.] *Q1*; not  
*Q2*. in *Q2*.

65. climes] *Q1*; climates *Q2*.

---

47. *Hymen*] god of marriage.



- PISANO. I will give thee proof; 70  
 So well I love thee, nothing in the world  
 Thy soul doth heartily affect, but I  
 Do love it too. Does it not trouble thy  
 Belief? I wear not my own heart about me,  
 But thine exchange'd. Thy eyes let in my objects; 75  
 Thou hear'st for me, talk'st, kissest, and enjoy'st  
 All my felicities.
- COSMO. What means this language?
- PISANO.  
 But what's all this to thee? Go to Oriana  
 And bathe thy lips in rosy dew of kisses.  
 Renew thy eye that looks as Saturn hung 80  
 Upon the lid. Take in some golden beam;  
 She'll dart a thousand at one glance; and if  
 At thy return, thou find'st I have a being  
 In this vain world, I'll tell thee more. *Exit.*
- COSMO. But sir,  
 You must not part so.
- PETRUCHIO. Not with my good will. 85  
 I have no great ambition to be mad.
- COSMO.  
 Petruchio, let me conjure thee. Tell  
 What weight hangs on thy master's heart? Why does he  
 Appear so full of trouble?
- PETRUCHIO. D'ee not guess?
- COSMO.  
 Point at the cause. I cannot.
- PETRUCHIO. Why he loves— 90
- COSMO.  
 The beauteous Amidea, I know that.
- PETRUCHIO.  
 Some such thing was. But you are his friend, my lord.  
 His soul is now devoted to Oriana,  
 And he will die for her if this agree hold him.
- COSMO.  
 Ha! 95

80-82. Renew . . . glance] *Q1*; not 90. Point . . . cannot.] *Q1*; No. *Q2*.  
 in *Q2*.

PETRUCHIO.

Your doublet pinch you, sir? I cannot tell,  
 But ne'er a woman in the world should make  
 Me hang myself. It may be for his honor  
 He'll choose another death; he is about one;  
 For 'tis not possible without some cure 100  
 He should live long. He has forgot to sleep,  
 And for his diet, h'as not eat this sennight  
 As much as would choke a sparrow. A fly is  
 An epicure to him. Good sir, do you counsel him. *Exit Cosmo.*  
 So, so, it works. 105  
 This was my lord Lorenzo's plot, and I  
 Ha' been his engine in the work, to batter  
 His love to Amidea by praising  
 Oriana to him. —He is here, my lord.

*Enter Lorenzo attended.*

LORENZO.

Petruchio, where's your lord? How moves the work? 110

PETRUCHIO.

To your own wish, my lord. He has thrown off  
 The thought of Amidea, and is mad  
 For Cosmo's mistress, whom by your instructions  
 I have commended so—

LORENZO.

My witty villain!

PETRUCHIO.

Cosmo is with him, to whom cunningly 115  
 I ha' discover'd his disease, and I  
 Beseech you interrupt 'em not.

LORENZO.

This may  
 Have tragical effects, Petruchio.

For Cosmo, we shall prune his fortune thus.  
 Oriana's wealth would swell him in the state. 120  
 He grows too fast already. Be still ours.

96-99. Your . . . about one] *Q1*; *Q1*; not in *Q2*.

not in *Q2*, where the remainder of the  
 speech is assigned to Cosmo.

104. you counsel] *Q1*; you go in  
 and counsel *Q2*.

101-104. He has forgot . . . to him] 109.1. *attended*] *Q1*; not in *Q2*.

102. *sennight*] week.

104. *to*] compared to.

108. *His*] i.e., Pisano's.

PETRUCHIO.

My lord, you bought my life when you procur'd  
My pardon from the duke.

*Exit Lorenzo.**Enter Pisano and Cosmo.*

PISANO.

Oh friend, thou canst not be so merciful,  
To give away such happiness. My love 125  
Is for some sin I have committed, thus  
Transplanted. I look'd rather thou shouldst kill me  
Than give away this comfort. 'Tis a charity  
Will make thee poor, and 'twere a great deal better  
That I should languish still and die. 130

COSMO.

While I have art to help thee? Oriana  
And I were but in treaty. Howsoever,  
I were not worthy to be call'd his friend  
Whom I preferr'd not to a mistress. If  
You can find dispensation to quit 135  
With Amidea, your first love, be confident  
Oriana may be won. And it were necessary  
You did prepare the mother. Be not modest—

PISANO.

Each syllable is a blessing. —Hark, Petruchio.

COSMO [*aside*].

There is an engine level'd at my fate, 140  
And I must arm.

PISANO [*to Petruchio*]. Away.*Exit Petruchio.*

COSMO.

This for thy comfort:  
Although some compliments ha' pass'd between  
Me and Oriana, I am not warm  
Yet in the mother's fancy, whose power may  
Assist you much. But lose no time. Let's follow. 145

123. S.D.] *Q1*; *Exit Lord and Pet.*

Q2.

131. While . . . thee?] *Q1*; *not in*

Q2.

132–134. Howsoever . . . mistress.]

*Q1*; *not in Q2.*138. mother. Be not modest] *Q1*;

Mother. Q2.

139–141. Hark . . . comfort] *Q1*;*not in Q2.*145. Let's follow.] *Q1*; *not in Q2.*

PISANO.

Thou miracle of friendship!

*Exeunt.*[P.ii] *Enter Duke, Frederico, Florio, and Alonzo.*

DUKE.

Letters to us? From whom?

ALONZO.

Castruchio.

DUKE.

The exile? Whence?

ALONZO.

Siena, my good lord.

It came enclos'd within my letter, which  
 Impos'd my care and duty in the swift  
 Delivery.

[*The Duke reads.*]

FREDERICO. The duke is pale o'th' sudden.

5

DUKE.

A palsy does possess me. Ha? Lorenzo?  
 Our cousin, the enemy of our life and state?  
 My bosom kinsman? Not too loud. The traitor  
 May hear, and by escape prevent our justice.

FLORIO.

What traitor?

DUKE.

Signior Alonzo, come you hither.

10

What correspondency maintain you with this  
 Castruchio?

ALONZO.

None, my lord, but I am happy

In his election to bring the first

Voice to your safety.

DUKE.

Most ingrateful man!

Turn rebel? I have worn him in my blood.

15

ALONZO.

'Tis time to purge the humor.

DUKE.

I will do't.—

Our guard. —Were he more precious, had he shar'd  
 Our soul as he but borrows of our flesh,  
 This action makes him nothing. Had I been  
 In heaven, I could have lent him my eternity.  
 He turn conspirator? Oh, the fate of princes!

20

5. Delivery] *Q1*; Deliver *Q2*.19–20. Had I . . . eternity.] *Q1*;10. Signior] *Q1*; not in *Q2*.not in *Q2*.16. *humor*] disease (of the duke's blood).

But stay. This paper speaks of no particular.  
He does not mention what design, what plot.

ALONZO.

More providence is necessary.

DUKE.

Right,

Right, good Alonzo. Th'art an honest man  
And lov'st us well. What's to be done?

25

ALONZO.

'Tis best

To make his person sure. By this you may  
Discover soonest who are of his faction—

DUKE.

And at our leisure study of his punishment,  
Which must exceed death. Every common trespass  
Is so rewarded. First apply all tortures  
To enforce confession who are his confederates,  
And how they meant to murder us. Then some rare  
Invention to execute the traitor,  
So as he may be half a year a-dying,  
Will make us fam'd for justice.

30

35

*Enter Lorenzo, Depazzi.*

ALONZO.

He is here.

Shall's apprehend him?

LORENZO.

Happy morning to

My gracious sovereign.

DUKE.

Good morrow, coz—

[*Aside.*] Can treason couch itself within that frame?—  
We ha' letters for you.

LORENZO.

Letters? These, dread sir,

40

Have no direction to me. Your highness  
Is only nam'd.

DUKE.

They will concern your reading.—

Alonzo, now observe. And watch him, Florio.

Depazzi, come you hither. Does Lorenzo  
Look like a traitor?

DEPAZZI.

How sir? A traitor?

38. Good . . . coz] *Q1*; not in *Q2*.

24. *providence*] timely care.

DUKE.

Ay, sir.

45

DEPAZZI.

I, sir? By my honor, not I sir. I defy  
Him that speaks it. —[*Aside.*] I am in a fine pickle.

LORENZO.

I ha' read—

DUKE.

No blush? Not tremble? Read again.

LORENZO.

The substance is that you maintain  
A vigilant eye over Lorenzo, who  
Hath threaten'd with your death his country's liberty,  
And other things touching reducing of  
A commonwealth.

50

DUKE.

I like not that.

DEPAZZI [*aside*].

All's out.

A pox upon him for a traitor, he  
Has hedg'd me in, but I'll confess—

DUKE.

What answer

55

Make you to this, Lorenzo?

LORENZO.

This, o'th' sudden.

Sir, I must owe the title of a traitor  
To your high favors. Envy first conspir'd,  
And malice now accuses. But what story  
Mentioned his name that had his prince's bosom  
Without the people's hate? 'Tis sin enough  
In some men to be great. The throng of stars,  
The rout and common people of the sky,  
Move still another way than the sun does  
That gilds the creature. Take your honors back,  
And if you can, that purple of my veins  
Which flows in yours, and you shall leave me in  
A state I sha'not fear the great ones' envy,  
Nor common people's rage. And yet perhaps  
You may be credulous against me.

60

65

49. S.P. LORENZO] Q2; not in Q1, of the duke's preceding one.  
which prints the following speech as part

---

52. *touching*] concerning.

52. *reducing*] bringing back, restoring.

68. *sha'not*] shall not.



Nor other argument to vindicate  
 My loyalty, thus poisoned by a paper,  
 In my eternal fame, and by a slave! 100  
 Call to my brow someone that dare accuse me.  
 Let him have honor great as mine to forfeit,  
 Or since your grace hath taken me so near  
 Your own height that my scale may not expect  
 Such a proportion'd adversary, yet let him 105  
 Have name within his country, and allow him  
 A soul 'gainst which I may engage my more  
 Than equal honor. Then I'll praise your justice,  
 But let him not be one condemn'd already,  
 A desperate exile.— Is it possible 110  
 A treason hatch'd in Florence 'gainst the duke  
 Should have no eyes at home to penetrate  
 The growing danger, but at Siena one  
 Must with a perspective discover all?  
 Ask this good counselor, or these gentlemen 115  
 Whose faiths are tried, whose cares are always waking  
 About your person, how have I appear'd  
 To them, that thus I should be render'd hateful  
 To you and my good country. They are virtuous,  
 And dare not blemish a white faith. Accuse 120  
 My sound heart of dishonor? Sir, you must  
 Pardon my bold defense. My virtue bleeds  
 By your much easiness, and I am compell'd  
 To break all modest limits and to waken  
 Your memory (if it be not too late 125  
 To say you have one) with the story of  
 My fair deservings. Who, sir, overthrew  
 With his designs your late ambitious brother,  
 Hippolito, who like a meteor threaten'd  
 A black and fatal omen?

104. my scale] *Gifford*; may scale  
*Q1-2.*

---

114. *perspective*] optical glass, telescope.

123. *easiness*] credulity.

129. *Hippolito*] Cardinal Ippolito de Medici was the cousin, not the brother of Duke Alessandro.



DUKE. 'Twas Lorenzo. 130

LORENZO.

Be yet as just and say whose art directed  
A countermine to check the pregnant hopes  
Of Salviati, who for his cardinal's cap  
In Rome was potent and here popular?

DUKE.

None but Lorenzo.

DEPAZZI [*aside*]. Admirable traitor! 135

LORENZO.

Whose service was commended when the exiles  
(One of whose tribe accuseth me) had rais'd  
Commutations in our Florence? When the hinge  
Of state did faint under the burden, and  
The people sweat with their own fears, to think 140  
The soldier should inhabit their calm dwellings,  
Who then rose up your safety, and crush'd all  
Their plots to air?

DUKE.

Our dear cousin Lorenzo.

LORENZO.

When he that should reward, forgets the men  
That purchas'd his security, 'tis virtue 145  
To boast a merit. With my services  
I ha' not starv'd your treasury. The grand  
Captain Gonzales accounted to King Ferdinand  
Three hundred thousand crowns for spies. What bills  
Have I brought in for such intelligence? 150

DEPAZZI [*aside*].

I do grow hearty.

DUKE.

All thy actions

Stand fresh before us, and confirm thou art  
Our best and dearest friend. Thus we assure  
Our confidence. They love us not that feed  
One jealous thought of our dear coz, Lorenzo, 155  
New welcome to us all. For you, Alonzo,  
Give o'er your paper kites. Learn wit, 'tis time.—  
[*Aside to Lorenzo.*] Where shall we meet tonight.

151. S.P. DUKE] *Q2*; not in *Q1*, part of Depazzi's preceding one.  
which prints the following speech as

LORENZO.

Pardon me, sir,

I am a dangerous man.

DUKE.

No more a' that.

I'll credit my soul with thee. Shall we revel

160

This night with Amidea?

DEPAZZI [*aside*].

The duke courts him.

Well, go thy ways for one of the most excellent

Impudent traitors—

DUKE.

Yet a-murmuring

Of a traitor? We shall sooner suspect him

That thinks Lorenzo guilty.

DEPAZZI.

I, my lord,

165

Dare boldly swear his honor is as free—

From any treason as myself.

I did prophesy this issue.

DUKE.

'Tis an age

Till night. I long to fold her in my arms.

Prepare Sciarrha, but be very wise

170

In the discovery. He is all touchwood.

LORENZO.

I know he is her brother. Leave the managing

Of things to me.

DUKE.

Still when we expect

Our bliss, time creeps, but when the happier things

Call to enjoy, each saucy hour hath wings.

*Exeunt.* 175

[II.i]

*Enter Sciarrha and Lorenzo.*

SCIARRHA.

My sister! Though he be the duke, he dares not.

Patience, patience! If there be such a virtue,

I want it, heaven. Yet keep't a little longer,

It were a sin to have it. Such an injury

Deserves a wrath next to your own. My sister!

5

It has thrown wildfire in my brain, Lorenzo.

A thousand furies revel in my skull.

Has he not sins enough in's court to damn him,

3-5. Yet . . . own] *Q1*; not in *Q2*.173. *expect*] await.

But my roof must be guilty of new lusts?  
 And none but Amidea? These the honors 10  
 His presence brings our house?

LORENZO. Temper your rage.

SCIARRHA.

Are all the brothels rifled? No quaint piece  
 Left him in Florence that will meet his hot  
 And valiant luxury, that we are come  
 To supply his blood out of our families? 15  
 Diseases gnaw his title off.

LORENZO. My lord—

SCIARRHA.

He is no prince of mine. He forfeited  
 His greatness that black minute he first gave  
 Consent to my dishonor.

LORENZO. Then I'm sorry.

SCIARRHA.

Why should you be sorry, sir? 20  
 You say it is my sister he would strumpet.  
 Mine, Amidea! 'Tis a wound you feel not,  
 But it strikes through and through the poor Sciarrha.  
 I do not think but all the ashes of  
 My ancestors do swell in their dark urns 25  
 At this report of Amidea's shame.  
 It is their cause as well as mine, and should  
 Heaven suffer the duke's sin to pass unpunish'd,  
 Their dust must of necessity conspire  
 To make an earthquake in the temple.

LORENZO. Sir, 30

You said you would hear me out.

SCIARRHA.

Why, is there more

Behind?

LORENZO. And greater. Master your high blood

Till I conclude, Sciarrha. I accuse not  
 Your noble anger, which I have observ'd  
 Is not on every cheap and giddy motion 35  
 Inflam'd. But sir, be thrifty in your passion.

This is a petty trespass.

SCIARRHA. Has mischief any name  
Beyond this? Will it kill me with the sound?

LORENZO.

My lord, though the dishonoring your sister  
Be such a fact the blood of any other 40  
But Alexander could no less than expiate,  
Yet this sin stretches farther, and involves  
With hers, your greater stain. Did you e'er promise him?  
Yet why do I make any question?  
It were another crime to think Sciarrha 45  
Could entertain a thought so far beneath  
His birth. You stoop to such a horrid baseness,  
Then all the virtue of mankind would sicken  
And soon take leave of earth.

SCIARRHA. You torture me.

LORENZO.

What then could the duke find to give him any 50  
Encouragement you would be guilty of  
An act so fatal unto honor? What,  
When you were least yourself (as we are all  
Frail compositions) did appear so wicked  
In you he should conceive a hope, and flatter 55  
Himself with possibility to corrupt  
Your soul to a deed so monstrous?

SCIARRHA. To what?

LORENZO.

Though all the teeming glories of his dukedom,  
Nay Florence state offer'd itself a bribe  
And tempted the betraying of your name 60  
To infamy, yet to imagine you  
Would turn officious pander to his lust,  
And interpose the mercenary bawd  
To court your sister to his sinful coupling:  
'Tis horrid, affrights nature. I grow stiff 65  
With the imagination

52. An act] *Q1*; And act *Q2*.

60-61. And tempted . . . infamy]

52-57. What . . . monstrous?] *Q1*; *Q1*; not in *Q2*.  
not in *Q2*.

SCIARRHA.

Ha!

LORENZO.

Yet this

Was his command I should impose.

SCIARRHA.

Lorenzo,

I do want breath. My voice is ravish'd from me.

I am not what I was, or if I be

Sciarrha thou hast talk'd to all this while,

70

Look heedfully about me, and thou may'st

Discover through some cranny of my flesh

A fire within. My soul is but one flame

Extended to all parts of this frail building.

I shall to ashes. I begin to shrink.

75

Is not already my complexion alter'd?

Does not my face look parch'd and my skin gather

Into a heap? My breath is hot enough

To thaw the Alps.

LORENZO.

Your fancy would

Transport you.

SCIARRHA.

'Tis my rage, but let it cool,

80

And then we'll talk o' something, something sir,

Shall be to purpose.

LORENZO [*aside*].

Now the flame is mounted.—

My lord, I have given proof, although he be

My duke and kinsman, I abhor his vices,

Howe'er the world without examination

85

Shoot their malicious noise and stain my actions.

'Tis policy in princes to create

A favorite who must bear all the guilt

Of things ill manag'd in the state. If any

Design be happy, 'tis the prince's own.

90

Heaven knows how I have counsel'd this young man

By virtue to prevent his fate, and govern

With modesty. Oh, the religious days

Of commonwealths! We have outliv'd that blessing.

68. I . . . me] *Q1*; not in *Q2*.69–73. or if . . . within] *Q1*; not in  
*Q2*.74–78. Extended . . . heap?] *Q1*;  
not in *Q2*.85–86. Howe'er . . . actions] *Q1*;  
not in *Q2*.

SCIARRHA.

But I have thought a cure for this great state  
Impostume.

95

LORENZO. What?

SCIARRHA. To lance it. Is't not ripe?

Let's draw cuts whether your hand or mine  
Shall do an act for Florence' liberty,  
And send this tyrant to another world.

LORENZO.

How, I draw cuts?

SCIARRHA. Coy it not thus, Lorenzo,

100

But answer, by thy name and birth. You are  
His kinsman. We all know it. That you dwell  
In's bosom, great in favor as in blood,  
We know that too. And let me tell you more:  
We know you but disguise your heart, and wish  
Florence would change her title.

105

LORENZO.

How is this?

SCIARRHA.

We know you have firm correspondence with  
The banish'd men, whose desperate fortunes wait  
Your call to tumult in our streets. All this,  
Not to feed your ambition with a dukedom  
By the remove of Alexander, but  
To serve your country, and create their peace  
Who groan under the tyranny of a proud,  
Lascivious monarch. Is't not true, Lorenzo?  
My phrase is blunt, my lord.

110

LORENZO.

My genius

115

And thine are friends. I see they have convers'd,  
And I applaud the wisdom of my stars  
That made me for his friendship who preserves  
The same religious fire. I will confess  
When Alexander left his piety

120

100. Coy] *Q1*; Toy *Q2*.101. thy] *Q1*; the *Q2*.102-104. We . . . too] *Q1*; not in  
*Q2*.106. title] *Q1*; tile *Q2*.

---

95-96. *state*] *Impostume*] abscess of the state.

100. *Coy it not*] i.e., "don't pretend not to understand."

To Florence, I plac'd him beneath my country,  
 As we should all, but we have lost our souls  
 Or chang'd our active spirits for a dull  
 And lazy sufferance. Let this secret be  
 An argument how much I dare repose 125  
 Upon Sciarrha's honor. Virtue witness  
 I choose no other destiny. Command  
 Lorenzo's fate. Dissolve me with your breath.  
 I'll either live in your exchange of faith  
 A patriot, or die my country's martyr. 130

SCIARRHA.

Thou hast a fire beyond Prometheus'  
 To quicken earth. Thy flame is but a prophecy  
 Of that high pyramid the world shall build  
 To thy immortal name. It was the glory  
 Of Romans to prefer their empire's safety 135  
 To their own lives. They were but men like us  
 And of the same ingredients, our souls  
 Create of no inferior substance. Ha?

LORENZO.

Heaven knows I've no particular design  
 To leap unto a throne. I will disclaim 140  
 The privilege of blood. Let me advance  
 Our liberty, restore the ancient laws  
 Of the republic, rescue from the jaws  
 Of lust your mothers, wives, your daughters, sisters—

SCIARRHA.

Sisters.

LORENZO —From horrid rape. 'Las Amidea. 145

SCIARRHA.

I am resolv'd. By all that's blest, he dies.  
 Return my willingness to be his pander,  
 My sister's readiness to meet his dalliance.

126-128. Virtue . . . breath] *Q1*; 140-141. I will . . . blood] *Q1*; *not*  
*not in Q2.* *in Q2.*

131-138. Thou hast . . . Ha?] *Q1*; 145. rape. 'Las] *Q1*; Rape poor *Q2*.  
*not in Q2.* 147-149. Return . . . dies] *Q1*; *not*  
*in Q2.*

---

122. *but*] unless.

His promises have bought our shame. He dies.  
 The roof he would dishonor with his lust  
 Shall be his tomb. Bid him be confident.  
 Conduct him, good Lorenzo. I'll dispose  
 My house for this great scene of death.

150

LORENZO.

Be constant.

*Exit.**Enter Florio and his sister, Amidea.*

FLORIO.

Now brother, what news brings the great Lorenzo?

SCIARRHA [*aside*].

Let me have truce, vexation, for some minutes.—

155

What news? Preferments, honors, offices.

Sister, you must to court.

AMIDEA.

Who, I to court?

SCIARRHA.

Or else the court will come to you. The duke  
 Hath sent already for us, Amidea.

Oh, that I knew what happy stars did govern

160

At thy nativity. It were no sin

To adore their influence.

AMIDEA.

What means my brother?

FLORIO.

He's transported.

AMIDEA.

I shall suspect your health.

SCIARRHA.

I easily could forget I am Sciarrha,  
 And fall in love myself. Is she not fair,  
 Exceeding beautiful, and tempting, Florio?  
 Look on her well. Methinks I could turn poet,  
 And make her a more excellent piece than heaven.  
 Let not fond men hereafter commend what  
 They most admire by fetching from the stars  
 Or flowers their glory of similitude,  
 But from thyself the rule to know all beauty.

165

170

160-165. Oh, that . . . myself] *Q1*;  
*not in Q2.*

163. *suspect*] fear for.169. *fond*] foolish.



And he that shall arrive at so much boldness  
 To say his mistress' eyes, or voice, or breath  
 Are half so bright, so clear, so sweet as thine 175  
 Hath told the world enough of miracle.  
 These are the duke's own raptures, Amidea,  
 His own poetic flames, an argument  
 He loves my sister.

AMIDEA. Love me?

SCIARRHA. Infinitely.

I am in earnest. He employ'd Lorenzo, 180  
 No meaner person, in this embassy.  
 You must to court. Oh happiness!

AMIDEA. For what?

SCIARRHA.

What do great ladies do at court, I pray?  
 Enjoy the pleasures of the world, dance, kiss  
 The amorous lords, and change court breath, sing loose 185  
 Belief of other heaven, tell wanton dreams,  
 Rehearse your sprightly bed scenes, and boast which  
 Hath most idolators, accuse all faces  
 That trust to the simplicity of nature,  
 Talk witty blasphemy, 190  
 Discourse their gaudy wardrobes, plot new pride,  
 Jest upon courtiers' legs, laugh at the wagging  
 Of their own feathers, and a thousand more  
 Delights which private ladies never think of.  
 But above all, and wherein thou shalt make 195  
 All other beauties envy thee, the duke,  
 The duke himself shall call thee his, and single  
 From the fair troop thy person forth to exchange  
 Embraces with, lay siege to these soft lips,  
 And not remove till he hath suck'd thy heart 200  
 Which, soon dissolv'd with thy sweet breath, shall be  
 Made part of his, at the same instant he  
 Conveying a new soul into thy breast

173-176. And he . . . miracle] *Q1*; 195-196. and wherein . . . duke]  
*not in Q2.* *Q1*; *not in Q2.*  
 185-193. and change . . . feathers] 197-204. and single . . . kiss] *Q1*;  
*Q1*; *not in Q2.* *not in Q2.*

With a creating kiss.

AMIDEA. You make me wonder.

Pray speak that I may understand.

SCIARRHA. Why will you 205

Appear so ignorant? I speak the dialect

Of Florence to you. Come, I find your cunning.

The news does please. The rolling of your eye

Betrays you, and I see a guilty blush

Through this white veil upon your cheek. You would 210

Have it confirm'd. You shall. The duke himself

Shall swear he loves you.

AMIDEA. Love me? Why?

SCIARRHA. To court

And ask him. Be not you too peevish now,

And hinder all our fortune. I ha' promis'd him

To move you for his armful, as I am 215

Sciarrha, and your brother. More, I ha' sent

Word to him by Lorenzo that you should

Meet his high flame. In plain Italian,

Love him, and—

AMIDEA. What for heaven, be the duke's whore?

SCIARRHA.

No, no, his mistress. Command him. Make us. 220

AMIDEA.

Give up my virgin honor to his lust?

SCIARRHA.

You may give it a better name, but do't.

AMIDEA.

I do mistake you, brother, do I not?

SCIARRHA.

No, no. My meaning is so broad, you cannot.

AMIDEA.

I would I did then. Is't not possible 225

That this should be a dream? Where did you drop

Your virtue, sir? Florio, why move you not?

Why are you slow to tell this man? For sure

'Tis not Sciarrha; he hath talk'd so ill,

205-207. Why will you . . . to you] 207. Come,] *Q1*; Come, come *Q2*.  
*Q1*; not in *Q2*.

And so much, that we may have cause to fear  
The air about's infected. 230

FLORIO. Are not you  
My brother?

SCIARRHA. Be not you a fool to move  
These empty questions, but join to make her  
Supple and pliant for the duke. I hope  
We are not the first ha' been advanc'd by a wagtail. 235  
No matter for the talk of musty people.  
Look up to the reward. Thou art young and skill'd  
In these court temptings, naturally soft  
And moving. I am rough hewn. Assist, wo't,  
With some quaint charm to win her to this game. 240

FLORIO.  
My sister?

SCIARRHA. Ay, ay.

AMIDEA. Come not near him, Florio.  
'Tis not Sciarrha. Sure my brother's nurse  
Play'd the impostor, and with some base issue  
Cheated our house.

SCIARRHA [*draws*]. Gipsy, use better language,  
Or I'll forget your sex.

FLORIO [*draws*]. Offer to touch her 245  
With any rudeness, and by all that's virtuous—

SCIARRHA.  
Why, how now, boy?

FLORIO. I do not fear your sword.  
This, with my youth and innocence, is more  
Defense than all thy armory. What devil  
Has crept into thy soul?

SCIARRHA. You'll not help? 250

FLORIO.  
I'll rather kill thee.

SCIARRHA. 'Tis very well. —Have you  
Consider'd better o' the motion?

234–235. I hope . . . wagtail] *Q1*; 251. rather] *Q2*; never *Q1*.  
not in *Q2*.

---

235. *wagtail*] harlot.

239. *wo't*] wilt thou (addressed to Florio).

AMIDEA.

Yes.

SCIARRHA.

And what's your resolve?

AMIDEA.

To have my name  
Stand in the ivory register of virgins  
When I am dead. Before one factious thought  
Should lurk within me to betray my fame  
To such a blot, my hands shall mutiny,  
And boldly with a poniard teach my heart  
To weep out a repentance.

255

SCIARRHA.

Let me kiss thee,  
My excellent, chaste sister. Florio,  
Thou hast my soul. I did but try your virtues.  
'Tis truth the duke does love thee viciously.  
Let him, let him. He comes to be our guest.  
This night he means to revel at our house.  
The Tarquin shall be entertained. He shall.

260

265

*Enter a Servant.*

SERVANT.

My lord, Pisano is come.

[Exit.]

SCIARRHA.

I had forgot his promise. Look up, sister,  
And shine with thy own smiles. Pisano's come,  
Pisano, thy contracted, honor'd friend,  
A gentleman so rich in hopes, we shall  
Be happy in's alliance.

270

*Enter Pisano, Cosmo, Frederico.*

Welcome all,

But you above the rest, my brother shortly.  
Sister and Florio, entertain your noble  
Friends some few minutes I am absent. We

259. kiss] *Giffords*; kill *Q1*.259. Let me kiss thee] *Q1* (emended as in preceding note); not in *Q2*, which adds *S.D.* "He embraces 'em."263. Let him, let . . . guest] *Q1*; not in *Q2*.265.1.] to the right of l. 270 in *Q1*; not in *Q2*.267. I had . . . promise] *Q1*; not in *Q2*.270-271. A gentleman . . . alliance] *Q1*; not in *Q2*.

Must not forget prepare for the duke's coming.  
I'll soon return.

275  
*Exit.*

AMIDEA. You are not cheerful, sir.  
How is't, my lord? You were not wont to look  
So sad when you came hither.

PISANO. I am not well,  
Amidea.

AMIDEA. Oh my heart!

PISANO. Be you  
Comforted, lady. Let all griefs repair  
To this, their proper center. 280

FLORIO. Sir, how fare you?

PISANO.  
Alter'd of late a little.

FREDERICO [*aside*]. Virtuous lady,  
I cannot choose but pity her, and accuse  
Pisano's levity.

PISANO [*aside*]. Would he were come back.  
I might ha' finish'd ere he went, and not  
Delay'd his business much. Two or three words,  
And I had dispatch'd. 285

AMIDEA. How sir? Your language is  
Another than you use to speak. You look not  
With the same brow upon me.

COSMO [*aside*]. 'Las, sweet lady.  
But who shall accuse me? 290

PISANO.  
We shall expect too long. Lady, I am come  
To render all my interest in your love,  
And to demand my self again. Live happier  
In another choice. Fair Amidea, 'tis

275. forget prepare] *Q1*; forget to  
prepare *Q2*.

282-284. Virtuous . . . levity] *Q1*;  
*not in Q2*.

284. Would he were come back]  
*Q1*; I would *Sciarrha* were come  
back *Q2*.

285-287. I might . . . dispatch'd,]  
*assigned to Fred. in Q2*.

289-291. 'Las . . . too long] *Q1*;  
*not in Q2*.

291. Lady] *Q1*; Madam *Q2*.

294-295. Fair . . . revolted] *Q1*;  
*not in Q2*.

291. *expect*] await.

Some shame to say my heart's revolted.

AMIDEA.

Ha!

295

PISANO.

Here's witness, all is cancel'd betwixt us.

Nay and you weep—Farewell.

AMIDEA.

He's gone.

FLORIO.

I am amaz'd.

PISANO.

Now lead me to my blessing.

*Exeunt* [Pisano, Cosmo, Frederico].

FLORIO.

Shall a long suit and speeding in his love  
With the world's notice, and a general fame  
Of contract too, just in the instant when  
A marriage is expected, be broke off  
With infamy to our house?

300

AMIDEA.

Brother, if ever

You lov'd poor Amideia, let not this  
Arrive Sciarrha's ear. There's danger in  
His knowledge of it. This may be a trial  
Of my affection.

305

FLORIO.

A trial? No,

It show'd too like a truth.

AMIDEA.

My tears entreat

Your silence.

FLORIO.

You have power to command it.

Dry your eyes then, he's return'd.

*Enter Sciarrha.*

SCIARRHA.

How now,

310

Weeping? Where is Pisano, and his friends?

FLORIO.

They're gone, sir.

SCIARRHA.

Ha!

AMIDEA.

Guess by my eyes you may

298.1. *Exeunt*] Q2; *Exit* Q1.

302. be] Q1; he Q2.

299. in] Q1; with Q2.

300. *fame*] report.

Something of sorrow hath befall'n. No sooner  
 You were departed, but some strange distemper  
 Invaded him. We might discern a change 315  
 In's countenance, and though we pray'd him to  
 Repose with us, he would straight back again.  
 So with Frederico, and Signior Cosmo,  
 He return'd.

FLORIO. The alteration was strange and sudden.

SCIARRHA.  
 'Las, noble gentleman—but come, clear up 320  
 Your face again. We hope it wo'not last.  
 Look bright again, I say. I ha' given order—

*Enter Gentleman.*

GENTLEMAN.

My lord, the duke's already come. [Exit]

SCIARRHA. Remove,  
 Good Amidea, and reserve thy person  
 To crown his entertainment. Be not seen yet. 325  
*Exit Amidea.*

*Enter Duke, Lorenzo, Alonzo, attendants.*

DUKE.

Sciarrha, we are come to be your guest.

SCIARRHA.

Your highness doth an honor to our house.

DUKE.

But where's thy sister? She must bid us welcome.

SCIARRHA.

She is your grace's handmaid.

DUKE.

For this night

Let the whole world conspire to our delight. 330

Lorenzo—

*Whisper.*

LORENZO. Sir, be confident— [Aside.] and perish.

[Exeunt.]

314. departed, but] Q2; beparted,  
 cut Q1.

321. *wo'not*] will not.

[II.ii] *Enter Morosa and Oriana [and Servant] in the garden.*

MOROSA.

You should not rashly give away your heart,  
Nor must you without me dispose your self.—  
[*To Servant.*] Pray give access to none; yet if Pisano  
Inquire, direct him to the garden. [*Exit Servant.*] —Cosmo  
Is young and promising, but while Lorenzo 5  
Lives must expect no sunshine.

*Enter Pisano, Cosmo, Servant.*

PISANO [*Gives Servant money*].                      There's for thy pains.—  
[*Exit Servant.*]

They are now at opportunity.

COSMO.                      My lord,  
Do you prepare the mother, and let me close  
With Oriana.

PISANO.                      What service can reward thee?

COSMO.                      Take occasion to leave us private. This hour 10  
Be propitious. Win but the matron to you.

PISANO.  
She is prepar'd already.

COSMO.                      Lose no time.  
Take the other walk.                      *Exeunt Pisano and Morosa.*

ORIANA.  
My dear Cosmo.

COSMO.                      My best Oriana.

ORIANA.  
You have been too much absent. I must chide you. 15

COSMO.  
You cannot, sweet. I would I knew which way  
To make thee angry, yes, that I might see  
How well it would become thee. I do fear  
Thou art some angel, and that sin would be

0.1. *and Servant*] Q2; *not in Q1.*

1-2. You should . . . self.] Q1; *not in Q2.*

4. S.D.] Q2; *not in Q1.*

6. S.D.] Q2; *not in Q1.*

11. matron] Q1; Mother Q2.

13. S.D. *Exeunt*] Gifford; *Exit Q1.*

18-23. I do . . . wicked] Q1; *not in Q2.*



- An argument to me that thou wert mortal. 20  
 I must suspect thy too much goodness else,  
 And leave thee for the fellowship of saints.  
 I am too wicked.
- ORIANA. You will make me angry.  
 COSMO.
- But you will love me still, I fear.
- ORIANA. D'ee fear it?  
 Is't a misfortune?
- COSMO. What?  
 ORIANA. My love.  
 COSMO. Your anger. 25
- And yet the t'other often times may carry  
 An evil with it. We may love too well,  
 And that's a fault.
- ORIANA. Not where the object's good.  
 COSMO.
- Oh yes. Always beware of the extremes.
- ORIANA.
- What mean you? I affect none but my Cosmo, 30  
 Nor him with too much flame.
- COSMO. If you should, lady,  
 'Twere nobly done.
- ORIANA. To love another?  
 COSMO. Yes.
- If there be cause, that may be call'd a virtue.  
 For what have I to engross the affection  
 Of any lady, if she can discern 35  
 A greater merit in some other man?  
 Wisdom forbid but she command her smiles  
 To warm and cherish him.
- ORIANA. So we should be  
 Inconstant.
- COSMO. Why not, if our reason be  
 Convinc'd? That's no such fault as the world goes. 40  
 Let us examine all the creatures, read
32. 'Twere nobly] *Gifford*; 'twere/ 34-38. For what... cherish him]  
 Not nobly *Q1*-2. *Q1*; not in *Q2*.  
 40. That's... goes] *Q1*; not in *Q2*.

The book of nature through, and we shall find  
 Nothing doth still the same. The stars do wander  
 And have their divers influence, the elements  
 Shuffle into innumerable changes, 45  
 Our constitutions vary, herbs and trees  
 Admit their frosts and summer: and why then  
 Should our desires, that are so nimble and  
 More subtle than the spirits in our blood,  
 Be such staid things within us, and not share 50  
 Their natural liberty? Shall we admit a change  
 In smaller of things, and not allow it in  
 What most of all concerns us?

ORIANA.

What?

COSMO.

Our loves.

ORIANA.

Have you a suspicion I am chang'd, and thus  
 Would school me for it? Or shall I imagine 55  
 That you are alter'd?

COSMO.

Yes, I am, and therefore

Proclaim thy freedom. I do love thee less,  
 To show I love thee more.

ORIANA.

What riddle's this?

COSMO.

I will explain. Upon maturity  
 Of counsel, Oriana, I have found 60  
 I am not worthy of thee, therefore come  
 To make thee satisfaction for my sin  
 Of loving thee by pointing out a way,  
 And person, will become thy affection better.

ORIANA.

You have a pretty humor.

COSMO.

What dost think

65

Of brave Pisano? Shall his merit plead

43-47. The stars . . . summer: and]  
*Q1; not in Q2.*

52. smaller of things] *Q1; smaller*  
*things Q2.*

59-60. I will explain . . . Oriana, I  
 have found] *Q1; 'Tis none. I have*  
*found Q2.*

62. sin] *Q1; Crime Q2.*

65. You . . . humor] *Q1; not in Q2.*

---

44. *divers*] *diverse.*

Succession in thy chaste thoughts?

ORIANA.

I do know him.

COSMO.

Thou canst not choose, and I could study none  
Worthy thy love but him.

ORIANA.

'Tis very likely

You would resign then.

COSMO.

Ay, to honor thee.

70

His service will deserve thee at the best  
And richest value.

ORIANA.

Why, it shall be so.

COSMO.

Nay, but be serious, and declare me happy  
That I may say I have made thee just amends.  
I will thank thee.

ORIANA.

Why, sir, I do love him.

75

COSMO.

Oh, when did Cupid aim that golden shaft?  
But dost thou love him perfectly with a  
Desire, when sacred rites of marriage  
Are past, to meet him in thy bed and call him  
Thy husband?

ORIANA.

Why, sir, did you ever think

80

I was so taken with your worth and person  
I could not love another lord as well?  
By your favor, there be many as proper men,  
And as deserving. You may save your plea,  
And be assur'd I need no lesson to  
Direct my fancy. I did love Pisano  
Before, but for your sake I mean to place him  
A great deal nearer. —[*Aside.*] Sure, he does but jest.—  
You did love me.

85

COSMO.

Now by my heart, I love thee.

This act shall crown our story, Oriana.

90

Thou dost not know how much thou honorest me,  
For he's not in the common list of friends,

67. I do know] *Q1*; I know *Q2*.

76. Oh, when . . . shaft?] *Q1*; not in *Q2*.  
in *Q2*.

80-97. Why, sir . . . to be his] *Q1*;

And he does love thee past imagination.  
 Next his religion, he has plac'd the thought  
 Of Oriana. He sleeps nothing else,  
 And I shall wake him into heaven, to say  
 Thou hast consented to be his.

95

ORIANA. Pray tell me:  
 But truly, I beseech you, do you wish  
 Pisano mine indeed? Are you jealous,  
 And name him to accuse me?

COSMO. Not by goodness.  
 But if there be a charm beyond thy innocence,  
 By that I would conjure thee, Oriana,  
 Love him and make three happy. It shall be  
 My bliss to call you his. Let me but own  
 A servant in your memory.

100

ORIANA. Unkind  
 And cruel Cosmo, dost thou think it possible  
 I can love any but thyself? Thou wilt  
 Undo my heart forever.

105

*Enter Pisano and Morosa.*

MOROSA. You shall be  
 Ever most welcome. If I be her mother,  
 She must declare obedience. —Oriana—

110

COSMO.  
 Go cheerfully (thy mother calls) to him  
 Whose orator I have been. —[*Aside.*] Alas poor lady,  
 I half repent me since she is so constant.  
 But a friend's life weighs down all other love;  
 Beside, I thus secure my fate. Lorenzo  
 Threatens my spring. He is my enemy.

115

ORIANA.  
 You'll not compel affection?

PISANO. No, but court it  
 With honor and religion, thus invite it.

99. Are] *Q1*; or are *Q2*.

*in Q2.*

111–112. to him . . . been] *Q1*; not

118. thus invite it] *Q1*; not in *Q2*.

104. *own*] be acknowledged.

MOROSA.

I shall forget the nature of a parent  
 Unless you show more softness and regard 120  
 To what is urg'd. What promise could you make  
 To Cosmo without me? Or if you had—

COSMO.

Here Cosmo doth give up all title to it.  
 I have no part in Oriana now.

ORIANA.

I've heard too much. Do with me what you please. 125  
 I am all passive, nothing of myself  
 But an obedience to unhappiness. *Exit.*

COSMO.

Follow her, Pisano.

PISANO.

Th'art all friendship.

COSMO.

Trace their warm steps, virgins' resolves are weak.  
 Leave not her eyes until you see day break. *Exeunt.* 130

[III.i]

*Enter Depazzi and Rogero.*

DEPAZZI.

Rogero?

ROGERO.

My lord.

DEPAZZI.

Make fast the chamber door. Stifle the keyhole and the  
 crannies. I must discourse of secret matters. Dost thou smell  
 nothing, Rogero? Ha? 5

ROGERO.

Smell? Not anything, my lord, to offend my nostril.

DEPAZZI.

Come hither. What do the people talk abroad of me? Answer  
 me justly and to the point. What do they say?

ROGERO.

Faith, my lord, they say that you are—

DEPAZZI.

They lie. I am not. They are a lousy, impudent multitude, a 10

128. Th'art] *Q1*; Thou art *Q2*.

many-headed and many-horned generation to say that I am—

ROGERO.

A noble gentleman, a just and discreet lord, and one that deserv'd to have his honors without money.

DEPAZZI.

Oh, is that it? I thought the rabble would have said I had 15  
been a traitor. —[*Aside.*] I am half mad certainly e'er since  
I consented to Lorenzo. 'Tis a very hard condition, that a  
man must lose his head to recompense the procuring of his  
honors. What if I discover him to the duke? Ten to one if  
Lorenzo come but to speak, his grace wo'not ha' the grace 20  
to believe me, and then I run the hazard to be thrown out of  
all a' t'other side. 'Tis safest to be a traitor. —Hum. Who is  
that you whisper'd to?

ROGERO.

I whisper?

DEPAZZI.

Marry, did you sirrah. 25

ROGERO.

Not I, good faith my lord.

DEPAZZI.

Sirrah, sirrah, sirrah, I smell a rat behind the hangings.  
Here's no body. Ha? Are there no trunks to convey secret  
voices?

ROGERO.

Your lordship has a pair on. 30

DEPAZZI [*aside*].

I do not like that face i'th' arras. A' my conscience, he points  
at me. A pox upon this treason. I have no stomach to't. I do  
see myself upon a scaffold making a pitiful speech already. I  
shall ha' my head cut off. Seven years ago I laid my head  
upon a wager, I remember, and lost it. Let me see. It shall 35  
be so. 'Tis good policy to be arm'd. —Roger, imagine I  
were a traitor.

20. wo'not] *Q1*; won't *Q2*.

---

28. *trunks*] tubes, as speaking tubes, and, in the reply (l. 30), trunk-hose.  
The word still exists in the "trunk line" of a telephone.

ROGERO.

How, sir?

DEPAZZI.

I but say imagine. We may put the case, and that I were apprehended for a traitor.

40

ROGERO.

Heaven defend.

DEPAZZI.

Heaven has something else to do than to defend traitors. I say, imagine I were brought to the bar.

ROGERO.

Good my lord, you brought to the bar?

DEPAZZI.

I will beat you if you wo't imagine at my bidding. I say, suppose I now were at the bar to answer for my life.

45

ROGERO.

Well, sir?

DEPAZZI.

Well, sir, that's as it happens. You must imagine I will answer the best I can for myself. Conceive, I prithee, that these chairs were judges, most grave and venerable beards and faces at my arraignment, and that thyself wert, in the name of the duke and state, to accuse me. What couldst thou say to me?

50

ROGERO.

I accuse your good honor? For what, I beseech you?

DEPAZZI.

For high treason, you blockhead.

55

ROGERO.

I must be acquainted with some particulars first.

DEPAZZI.

Mass, thou sayest right. Why imagine, d'ee hear? You must but imagine that some great man had a conspiracy against the duke's person, and that I, being an honest lord and one of this great man's friends, had been drawn in, for that's the plain truth on't. 'Twas against my will, but that's all one. Well, thou understand'st me. Show thy wit, Rogero. Scratch

60

---

39. *put the case*] suppose.

41. *defend*] forbid (with quibble on modern meaning in next line).

thy nimble pericranium, and thunder out my accusation  
*ex tempore*. Here I stand, Signior Depazzi, ready to answer  
 the indictment.

65

ROGERO.

Good, my lord, it will not become me, being your humble  
 servant.

DEPAZZI.

Humble coxcomb! Is't not for my good? I say, accuse me.  
 Bring it home. Jerk me soundly to the quick, Rogero. Tickle  
 me as thou lov'st thy lord. I do defy thee. Spare me not. And 70  
 the devil take thee if thou be'st not malicious.

ROGERO.

Why, then, have at you. *First, Signior Depazzi, thou art  
 indicted of high treason. Hold up thy hand. Guilty or not guilty?*

DEPAZZI.

Very good.

ROGERO.

*Nay, very bad, sir. Answer, I say, guilty or not guilty?* 75

DEPAZZI.

*Not guilty.*

ROGERO.

'Tis your best course to say so. Well, imagine I rise up the  
 duke's most learned in the laws, and his nimble tongu'd  
 orator. Have at you, signior.

DEPAZZI.

Come, come on, sir. Here I stand. 80

ROGERO.

*I will prove thou liest in thy throat if thou deniest thy treason, and  
 so I address myself to the most understanding seats of justice: Most  
 wise, most honorable, and most incorrupt judges, sleep not, I beseech  
 you. My place hath call'd me to plead in the behalf of my prince and  
 country against this notable, this pernicious, and impudent traitor who 85  
 hath plotted and contrived such high, heinous, and horrible treasons  
 as no age nor history hath ever mention'd the like. Here he stands,  
 whose birth I will not touch because it's altogether unknown who begot  
 him. He was brought up among the small wares in the city, became  
 rich by sinister and indirect practices, married a merchant's wife at 90  
 adventures, and was soon after advanc'd to be a head officer.*

64. ready] Q1; not in Q2.

79. you] Q2; your Q1.

90-91. at adventures] "at hazard, recklessly" (OED).



DEPAZZI.

Why you rascal.

ROGERO.

*Peace, sirrah, peace. Nay, your lordships shall find him very audacious  
This fellow, not content to have his branches spread within the  
city—I speak it to his face, let him deny it—was afterward by the 95  
corruption of his confederate and the mere grace of his highness raised  
to honor, received infinite favors from his prince of blessed memory.  
Yet, like a wretch, a villain, a viper, a rat of Nilus, he hath practiced  
treasons against the sacred person of the duke, for which he deserveth  
not only to die, but also to suffer tortures, whips, racks, strapadoes, 100  
wheels, and all the fiery, brazen bulls that can be invented, as I shall  
make it appear to this honorable and illustrious court.*

DEPAZZI.

This rogue's transported.

ROGERO.

*With all my heart I obey your lordships. Thus, then, I pass from these  
circumstances, and proceed to the principal villainies that we have 105  
to lay to his charge. Imprimis: thou, Signior Depazzi, didst offer to  
a groom a hundred crowns to poison his highness' hunting saddle.*

DEPAZZI.

Did I?

ROGERO.

*Do not interrupt me, varlet. I will prove it. His hunting saddle—and  
woe shall be unto thy breech therefore—and finding this serpentine 110  
treason broken in the shell, do but lend your reverend ears to his next  
designs. I will cut 'em off presently. This irreligious, nay atheistical  
traitor, did with his own hands poison the duke's prayer book (Oh  
impiety!), and had his highness, as in former times he accustomed,  
but pray'd once in a month, which by special grace he omitted, how 115  
fatal had it been to Florence! But, as by justice his excellence did then,  
and by his own want of devotion, prevent this assassinate's purpose,  
so we hope, in his own discretion and the counsel of his state, he will  
take heed how he prays hereafter while he lives. To which, every true  
subject will say amen. 120*

DEPAZZI.

*May it please your honors—*

---

101. *brazen bulls*] furnaces for roasting victims.

ROGERO.

*Thou impudent brazen-fac'd traitor, wilt thou deny it? Moreover, and like your good lordships, he hath, for this formight or three weeks before his apprehension, walk'd up and down the court with a case of pistols charg'd, wherewith, as he partly confessed, he intended to send 125 the duke to heaven with a powder.*

DEPAZZI.

*This rogue will undo the devil at invention. —May it please this honorable—*

ROGERO.

*These are but sprinklings of his treason.*

DEPAZZI.

*Will you justify this? Did I any of these things, you tadpole? 130*

ROGERO.

*Hold yourself contented, my lord. He that is brought to the bar in case of treason must look to have more objected than he can answer, or any man is able to justify.*

DEPAZZI.

*I confess, and please your good lordships.*

ROGERO.

*Mark, he will confess. 135*

DEPAZZI.

*That's the way to be sent of a headless errand. —Indeed I confess that I never intended any treason to his highness, nor ever sought the prince's life. True it is that I heard of a conspiracy.*

ROGERO.

*That "that," my lords, hath overthrown him. He saith he never sought the prince's life. Ergo, he sought his death. Besides, he hath heard of 140 treason. Now he that heareth and discovereth not is equally guilty in fact, for in offenses of this nature, there are not accessories. Ergo, he is a principal, and being a principal traitor, he deserveth condemnation.*

DEPAZZI.

*Shall I not speak? 145*

ROGERO.

*No, traitors must not be suffer'd to speak, for when they have leave,*

122. *Thou impudent]* Q1; That 136. *the way]* Gifford; the the way  
impudent Q2. Q1-2.  
139. *lords]* Gifford; Lord Q1.

*they have liberty, and he that is a traitor deserveth to be close prisoner.*

DEPAZZI.

*All that this fellow hath utter'd is false and forg'd. Abominable lies.*

ROGERO.

*I will speak truth and I will be heard, and no man else in this place.*

DEPAZZI.

*I never dreamt of a hunting saddle, nor never had so much as a thought  
of any prayer book.* 150

ROGERO.

*You sit here to do justice. I speak for the duke and the safety of the  
commonwealth.*

DEPAZZI.

*As for pistols, 'tis well known I could never endure the report on 'em.  
I defy powder and shot as I do him that accuseth me.* 155

ROGERO.

*I defy all the world that will hear a traitor speak for himself. 'Tis  
against the law which provides that no man shall defend treason. And  
he that speaks for himself, being a traitor, doth defend his treason.  
Thou art a capital, obstreperous malefactor.*

DEPAZZI.

*Thou art a madman.* 160

ROGERO.

*Go to, you have play'd the fool too much.*

DEPAZZI.

*Thou continual motion, cease. A pox upon thee. Hold thy  
tongue.*

ROGERO.

*The pox wo'not serve your turn.*

DEPAZZI.

*Why then, this shall.* *Beats him.* 165

ROGERO.

*Hold, hold, good my lord. I am sensible. I ha' done.  
Imagine I ha' done. I but obey'd your lordship, whose baton  
I find stronger than my imagination. My lord, you will  
answer this, to strike i'th' court thus!*

154. on] Q2; one Q1.

162. motion] puppet.

DEPAZZI.

I am as weary— *Knocks [within].* 170  
 Hark, Rogero, one knocks. See, see there's to make thee  
 amends. [*Gives him money.*] See, good Rogero, and say  
 nothing. Pray heaven it be no pursuivant.

*Enter Petruchio with a letter.*

ROGERO.

Petruchio, my lord, Pisano's secretary.

DEPAZZI [*aside*].

But Lorenzo's engine, a very knave. 175

PETRUCHIO.

My very good lord. [*Gives him a letter.*]

DEPAZZI.

What's here? It can be no goodness. *Reads.*  
 "My lord, I would not have you go to bed tonight—" He  
 wo't let me sleep now. I dreamt as much. "Something will  
 be done to give Florence liberty. In the depth of night you 180  
 may cunningly disperse some rumors in the city that the  
 duke is dead. The people must be distracted. In the common  
 fright, be not you wanting in your person to assist their fears,  
 and speak well of Lorenzo." Speak well of the devil. —[*To*  
*Petruchio.*] My humble service to your lord, and say he has 185  
 power to command me in all things.

PETRUCHIO.

My very good lord.

DEPAZZI [*aside*].

No matter and you were both hang'd. —Rogero, show him  
 the wine cellar. [*Exeunt Rogero and Petruchio.*]  
 Let me see. I must report the duke's death. I cannot abide  
 this word "death." Yet he desires me but to report it. Hum. 190  
 If it be false, why so much the better; there will be the less  
 harm in't. If it should prove true, they will believe me  
 another time. Well, I will drink myself half drunk and be  
 fortified. *Exit.*

170. S.D.] *after* Hark, Rogero 173. no] *Q1*; not *Q2*.  
 (l. 171) *in Q1*. 194. S.D. *Exit*] *Gifford*; *Exeunt Q1*.

173. *pursuivant*] "A royal or state messenger with power to execute warrants" (*OED*).

175. *engine*] instrument for contriving villainy.

## [III.ii]

*Enter Duke, Amidea, Lorenzo, Sciarrha, Florio, [and company].*

DUKE.

Sciarrha, you exceed in entertainment.

Banquet our eyes, too?

LORENZO.

He will feast all senses.

SCIARRHA.

Only a toy, my lord. I cannot call't

A masque, not worthy of this presence. Yet

It speaks the freedom of my heart, and gratitude

For this great honor.

5

DUKE.

Amidea must

Sit near us.

SCIARRHA.

Lords, your places. 'T wo'not be

Worth half this ceremony. Let 'em begin.

*Enter Lust, richly apparel'd, the Pleasures attending.*

DUKE.

Who's the presenter?

SCIARRHA.

Lust, sir. Pray observe.

LUST.

*Now let Lust possess the throne*

*Of love, and rule in hearts alone.*

*You sweet tempters to my sin,*

*Beauty, smiles, and kisses win*

*Upon frail mortals. Let them know*

*There is no happiness but you.*

*Shoot no arrows tipp'd with lead;*

*Each shaft have his golden head.*

*Call no love, delude men still,*

*Through the flesh their spirits kill.*

*Nor spend all your art to take*

*Common persons. Greatness make*

*By your potent charms to be*

*Subjects unto hell and me.*

*Inflame but kings with loose desire,*

*Ye soon set all the world on fire.*

10

15

20

25

0.1. *and company*] this edn.; &c Q1-2.

*Enter a young man in rich habit and crown'd.*

DUKE.

What's he?

SCIARRHA. A wild young man that follows Lust.

He has too much blood, it seems.

DUKE.

Why looks he back?

SCIARRHA.

There is a thing call'd death that follows him  
With a large train of furies. But the sirens  
Of Lust make him secure. And now the hag 30  
Embraces him, and circles him with pleasures.  
The harpies mean to dance, too. Hang his conscience.  
It whines too much.

LORENZO [*aside*].

This is too plain.

SCIARRHA. He does not tremble yet.—

By and by, sir, you shall see all his tormentors 35  
Join with 'em. There's the sport on't.

LORENZO.

Methinks they

Should have been first for th' antimasque.

SCIARRHA.

Oh no!

In hell they do not stand upon the method  
As we at court. The ground masque and the glory  
Begin the revels. Sister, you do ill 40  
To keep the duke in talk. He cannot see  
The devil for you, and the whips. Does not  
That death's head look most temptingly? The worms  
Have kiss'd the lips off.

*The furies join in the dance, and in the end carry the young man away.*

How does your highness like this dance? 45

29-32. But the . . . too] *Q1*; not in *not in Q2*.

*Q2*. 42-44. and the whips . . . lips off]

35. and] *Q2*; an *Q1*. *Q1*; not in *Q2*.

39-40. The ground . . . revels] *Q1*; 44.1. carry] *Q2*; carries *Q1*.

30. *secure*] confident.

37. *antimasque*] a masque, often of a grotesque nature, preceding the main masque.

39. *ground masque*] main masque. Gifford emends to "grand."

DUKE.

My eyes so feasted here I did not mark it,  
But I presume 'twas handsome.

SCIARRHA [*aside*].

Oh the lethargy

Of princes! —We ha' kept you, sir, from bed.—  
More lights.

DUKE. Good night to all.—[*To Amidea.*] To you, the best.—

Sciarrha, bind us ever by performance.

50

SCIARRHA.

We are all yours.

DUKE.

And Florence thine. —Once more,

Brightest of ladies.

LORENZO [*aside to Sciarrha*]. You are firm?

SCIARRHA.

Suspect not.

*Exeunt all but Amidea and Florio.*

FLORIO.

I do not like my brother's moral masque.  
The duke himself was personated. I  
Wonder it did not startle him.

AMIDEA.

I hope

55

Sciarrha does not mean so ill as that  
Did promise.

*Enter Sciarrha.*

He's return'd. His looks are full  
Of threat'ning.

SCIARRHA.

Amidea, go not to bed.

And yet, no matter. I can do't alone.

Take both your rest, and in your prayers commend

60

The duke to heaven. 'Tis charity. H'as made

His will already, and bequeath'd his body

To you, sister. Pity his soul for't. 'Tis now

Within few minutes of departing.

AMIDEA.

How?

SCIARRHA [*showing a poniard*].

Why this way. I must help him in his groans

65

To bring his flesh abed.

AMIDEA.

You wo'not kill him?

57. S.D.] *after full in Q.I.*

SCIARRHA.

I am not of your mind.

AMIDEA.

I know you cannot.

SCIARRHA.

You are not studied so perfect in  
His destiny, I hope. I will endeavor—

AMIDEA.

To kill your prince?

FLORIO.

What, here?

SCIARRHA.

No, in his chamber.

70

AMIDEA.

Shall it be read in stories of our Florence,  
Sciarrha first did stain his family  
With such a treason?

FLORIO.

Was he not invited?

SCIARRHA.

Yes, by his lust.

FLORIO.

And in your crowned tables

And hospitality will you murder him?

75

SCIARRHA.

Yes, and the reason wherefore he was murder'd  
Shall justify the deed to all posterity.  
He came to wrong my sister.

FLORIO.

Wanton heat.

Let youthful blood excuse him.

SCIARRHA.

So it must.

FLORIO.

Mistake me not. Oh think but who he is—  
The duke. That word must needs awake your piety.

80

AMIDEA.

How will good men in this remembrance  
Abhor your cruelty, that send to hell  
One with the weight of all his sins upon him.

SCIARRHA.

It is too late to cool with argument  
My incensed blood. Will you go dally with him,  
And let him board your pinnacle? I ha' gone

85

86-87. him,/ And . . . pinnacle? I  
ha' gone] Q1; him? I ha' gon Q2.



So far in promise, if you clasp not with him  
It will be dangerous if he outlive  
This night.

AMIDEA. I ha' thought on't. Send him to my bed. 90

SCIARRHA.

Ha?

AMIDEA Do not question what I purpose. Heaven  
Witness to my chaste thoughts.

SCIARRHA. Wot thou trust him?

AMIDEA.

I will do much, sir, to preserve his life  
And your innocence. Be not you suspicious.  
At the worst, you can but respite your revenge. 91

SCIARRHA.

Dost thou not fear unhappy Lucrece' chance,  
Or wretched Philomel's dishonor?

AMIDEA. No.

Give me his life, and send your wanton to me.  
I'll to my chamber. Fear me not, Sciarrha.  
Have not one thought so bad, I sha'not prosper. 100  
Virgins in heaven will suffer with me. *Exit*

FLORIO.

Trust her?

SCIARRHA. 'Tis but deferring of my justice.

She wo'not kill him sure—draw on her soul  
The guilt she hates in mine. If she do yield  
To the hot encounter—ha? 'Twill be just 101

That both their hearts weep blood to purge their lust. *Exeunt*

[III.iii]

*Enter Florio and Amidea.*

FLORIO.

My poniard?

AMIDEA. I've no black intent to stain't

With any blood.

FLORIO. Take it. I know thou art

101. S.D. *Exit*] *this edn.*; *Exit* Am. 106. S.D. *Exeunt*] *this edn.*; *Exit* Q.I.  
& Flo. Q.I.

92. *Wot*] wilt.

My virtuous sister. It were wickedness  
To doubt thy purpose or the event.

AMIDEA.

Now leave me.

FLORIO.

Thou hast a guard of angels.

AMIDEA.

They are coming.

5

[Exit Florio, who lingers behind the hangings.]

*Enter Sciarrha and Duke.*

SCIARRHA.

Look, there she is, sir. You know how to undress her.

DUKE.

Dearest Sciarrha.

SCIARRHA.

To your recreation.—

[Aside.] Here I'll obscure myself. Florio? 'Tis well.

*Withdraws behind the hangings*

DUKE.

Lady, you know me?

AMIDEA.

Yes, my prince.

DUKE.

I was so

Till I saw thee, but I gave up that title,

10

A conquest to thy beauty which, among

Her other wonders, hath created me

A subject and servant, and I shall

Be happier to be receiv'd yours by

One of those names than Duke of Tuscany.

15

AMIDEA.

Oh, take yourself again. Use your greatness

To make the hearts of Florence bow to you

And pay their duties thus.

[Kneels.]

DUKE.

Rise, Amidea,

And since you have given my power back, it will

Become me to command.

AMIDEA.

And me to obey.

[Rises.] 20

DUKE.

I see thy noble brother hath been faithful

8.1. *hangings*] Q1; *scenes* Q2.

4. *event*] outcome.

5.1. *hangings*] tapestry.

To my desires. He has prepar'd thee with  
 A story of my love which thou reward'st  
 With too much humbleness. Thou hast a quarrel,  
 And a just one, with thy stars that did not make thee 25  
 A princess, Amidea. Yet th'art greater,  
 And born to justify unto these times  
 A Queen of Love. Venus was but thy figure,  
 And all her graces prophecies of thine  
 To make our last age best. I could dwell ever 30  
 Here, and imagine I am in a temple,  
 To offer on this altar of thy lip *Kisses her often.*  
 Myriads of flaming kisses with a cloud  
 Of sighs breath'd from my heart,  
 Which by the oblation would increase his stock 35  
 To make my pay eternal.

AMIDEA.

What mean you?

DUKE.

That question is propounded timely. Hadst  
 Not interrupted me, I should ha' lost  
 Myself upon thy lips, and quite forgot  
 There is a bliss beyond it, which I came for. 40  
 Let others satisfy themselves to read  
 The wonders in thy face, make proud their eye  
 By seeing thine, turn statues at thy voice,  
 And think they never fix enough to hear thee.  
 A man half dead with famine would wish here 45  
 To feed on smiles of which the least hath power  
 To call an anchorite from his prayers, tempt saints  
 To wish their bodies on. Thou dost with ease  
 Captivate kings with every beam, and mayst  
 Lead them like prisoners round about the world, 50  
 Proud of such golden chains. This were enough,  
 Had not my fate provided more, to make me  
 Believe myself immortal in thy touches.  
 Come to thy bed. Transform me there to happiness.  
 I'll laugh at all the fables of the gods, 55

24-30. Thou hast . . . age best] *Q1*; 40-54. which I . . . to thy bed] *Q1*;  
*not in Q2.* *not in Q2.*

And teach our poets after I know thee  
To write the true Elysium.

AMIDEA. Good, my lord,  
I understand you not. And yet I fear  
You do not mean well if you have brought with you  
A sinful purpose, which I may suspect. 60

DUKE.  
Why, lady, what do you imagine I  
Came hither for?

AMIDEA. I know not.

DUKE. How?  
Is't come to that? Your brother gave you more  
Desirous of the sport, and brought me hither  
Ripe for your dalliance. Did you not expect me? 65

AMIDEA.  
Yes.

DUKE.  
And to what other purpose?

AMIDEA.  
To tell you that you are not virtuous.

DUKE.  
I'm of your mind.

AMIDEA. But I am not so wicked  
To be of yours. Oh think but who you are.  
Your title speaks you nearest heaven, and points 70  
You out a glorious reign among the angels.  
Do not depose yourself of one, and be  
Of the other disinherited.

DUKE. I would  
Your brother heard you. Prithee, do not waste  
This tedious divinity. I am 75  
Resolv'd to grapple with you.

AMIDEA. Keep off. *Shows the pomard.*

DUKE. Ha?

Turn'd Amazon?

AMIDEA. Prince, come not too near me.  
For by my honor, since you have lost your own,

61. lady] *Q1*; Madam *Q2*.

---

63. *gave you*] reported you to be.

Although I bow in duty to your person,  
 I hate your black thoughts. Tempt not my just hand 80  
 With violent approach. I dare and will  
 Do that will grieve you if you have a soul.

DUKE.

Thou dar'st not kill me.

AMIDEA. True, but I dare die.

DUKE.

Be thy own murderer?

AMIDEA.

Rather than you should be my ravisher. 85

DUKE.

Thou canst not be so merciless. 'Tis less sin  
 To be unchaste. I am thy prince. I prithee  
 Throw by that cruel weapon. Let our war  
 Be soft embraces, shooting amorous smiles,  
 Kill and restore each other with a kiss. 90  
 I know thou canst not be unkind so long.  
 Then, I command thee.

AMIDEA.

I must not obey  
 To be your strumpet. Though my hand be unskillful,  
 I shall soon find my heart.

DUKE

I'll not believe—

AMIDEA.

Let this deserve your faith, I dare be just. *She wounds* 95  
 This crimson river issuing from my arm— *her arm.*

DUKE.

Hold!

AMIDEA. Never—it shall flow, and if this channel  
 Yield not enough, I'll strike another vein,  
 And after that another, and not pity  
 The murmuring stream till through a prodigal wound 100  
 I have drain'd the fountain. This doth weep for you,  
 And shall extol my death if it may teach  
 You to correct your blood.

DUKE.

There's so much gone  
 From me, I cool apace. This action  
 Hath shot an ague through me. Amidea, 105  
 Pity thy self.

AMIDEA. Not till you swear repentance.

I do not faint yet. 'Tis somewhat about,  
But I can find a nearer way. This does it.

[Offering to strike herself again.]

DUKE.

Contain. I am sorry, sorry from my soul.  
Trust me, I do bleed inward, Amidea, 110  
Can answer all thy drops. Oh pardon me.  
Thou faint'st already, dost not? I am fearful.  
The phoenix with her wings, when she is dying,  
Can fan her ashes into another life,  
But when thy breath, more sweet than all the spice 115  
That helps the other's funeral, returns  
To heaven, the world must be eternal loser.  
Look to thy wound.

AMIDEA. May I believe you, sir?

DUKE.

I dare not think awry. Again I ask  
Forgiveness. In thy innocence, I see 120  
My own deformity.

*Enter Sciarrha [from behind the hangings], hastily embraceth Amidea.  
Enter Florio.*

SCIARRHA.

Now a thousand blessings  
Reward thy goodness. Thou deserv'st a statue,  
A tall one which should reach above the clouds,  
Justle the moon, that people afar off  
Beholding it may be invited hither 125  
In hope to climb to heaven by't. But apply  
Betimes unto thy wound. Florio, assist her.

*Exit Amidea and Florio.*

And now, my lord—

DUKE.

Sciarrha, I'll begin to be thy lord.  
I brought intentions of dishonor to thee  
And thy fair sister, but I am reconcil'd 130  
To virtue, and will study how to satisfy  
For you and Florence.

112-117. I am fearful . . . loser] 123-126. which should . . . by't]  
*Q1; not in Q2.* *Q1; not in Q2.*

115. thy] *Gifford*; they *Q1*.

SCIARRHA.                    You will be more precious  
                          Than had you never fallen. I am all joy  
                          In your conversion.

DUKE.                                Is Lorenzo abed?

SCIARRHA.

                         Lorenzo? 135

                         I think he has not said his prayers yet,

                         But—

DUKE.                    What?

SCIARRHA.

                         I cannot tell. May be he does not use it.

DUKE.

                         How?

SCIARRHA.    My lord, you now are lovely.

                         'Twere better you'd forget him. He's not right 140

                         At heart, I fear.

DUKE.                                Fear nothing.

SCIARRHA.

                         To be plain,

                         You cherish your disease in him, and are

                         Not safe while he is near you.

DUKE.

                         Do not envy him.

SCIARRHA.

                         Then I must tell you, sir, he is a traitor.

                         Within my knowledge h'ath conspir'd your death. 145

DUKE.

                         With whom?

SCIARRHA.                    With me. I should ha' kill'd you, sir,

                         This night, and every minute he expects

                         To hear you number'd with the dead. I can

                         Demonstrate this. Your pardon, but in truth

                         The injuries you meant us were severe, 150

                         And he with as much violence did urge 'em

                         To your destruction. But your piety

                         Hath charm'd my purpose, and I look upon you

                         With new obedience.

134. Is . . . abed?] *The words have*    *They are found in Q2, and in Gifford.*  
*dropped from all copies of Q1. They are*    *148-149. I can . . . pardon] Q1;*  
*supplied in a contemporary hand in the*    *not in Q2.*  
*first Huntington Library copy of Q1.*

143. *envy him]* bear him ill will.

*Enter Florio.*

DUKE.

Possible!

SCIARRHA.

We wo'not shift the scene till you believe it. 155

Florio, entreat my Lord Lorenzo hither. [*Exit Florio.*]

Step but behind the arras, and your ear

Shall tell you who's the greatest traitor living.

Observe but when I tell him you are slain

How he'll rejoice, and call me Florence' great 160

Preserver, bless my arm that in your blood

Hath given our groaning state a liberty.

Then trust Sciarrha. But observe, I hear 'em.

[*The Duke retires behind the hangings.*]*Enter Lorenzo.*LORENZO [*aside*].

Whom talk'd he to?

SCIARRHA.

'Tis done.

LORENZO.

What, good Sciarrha?

SCIARRHA.

The duke is dead.

LORENZO

We are not left so miserable! . 165

Heaven is more kind to Florence.

SCIARRHA.

With this hand

I made a passage for his soul.

LORENZO.

Defend,

Omnipotence. What, murder'd? And by noble

Sciarrha? How my ear abuses me!

SCIARRHA.

Did not we plot it too?

LORENZO.

How we? Collect. 170

I fear you are not well. Pray tell me why

You talk thus? Where's the duke? He hath a guard,

An army of heaven about him. Who in Florence

Dares be so black a devil to attempt

His death? 175

167. *Defend*] forbid.



SCIARRHA.

This is fine cunning. Why that devil is  
 Lorenzo, if he dares deny it. We are in private.  
 You need appear no stranger to that's done  
 By your direction.

LORENZO. I in the practice?

Then let me creep into the earth, and rise 180  
 A monster to affright mankind. Sciarrha,  
 I must abhor thee for it. Oh my prince,  
 My dearest kinsman! May thy hand rot off.  
 Treason, treason!

SCIARRHA. Then my sword shall fetch  
 Another witness in thy heart.

185

*As they draw, the Duke interposes.*

DUKE.

Hold.

LORENZO. Tush, let him come,  
 My royal lord, nay, let him kill me now.  
 I've so much joy and peace about me, 'twere  
 A sin to wish my life beyond this minute.

DUKE.

Put up, I say.

SCIARRHA. My lord, we are both cozen'd. 190  
 That very smile's a traitor.

DUKE. Come, be calm.

You are too passionate, Sciarrha, and  
 Mistook Lorenzo.

LORENZO. But I hold him noble.

I see he made this trial of my faith,  
 And I forgive him.

DUKE. Ye shall be friends. You shall, I say. 195

*Enter Cosmo and Alonzo.*

COSMO.

The duke—

ALONZO. Where's the duke?

COSMO.

My lord, we are bless'd to see you safe. Report

186. Tush . . . come] *Q1; not in Q2.*

Hath frighted all the city with your death.  
People forsake their beds, and seeking how  
To be inform'd, increase the wretched tumult. 200

ALONZO.

There's nothing but confusion. All men tremble  
As if some general fire invaded Florence.

SCIARRHA.

Have comfort, sir.

DUKE. What's to be done?

LORENZO [*aside*].

Depazzi has remember'd.—  
My lord, there is no safety for the state 205  
Unless you personally appease 'em.

DUKE. How?

LORENZO [*aside*].

I hope they'll tear him. Would he were dead any way.

ALONZO.

He hath counsel'd well.

COSMO.

Your presence only hath the power to charm 'em.

DUKE.

I fear their rage. Where is our guard? 210  
Alonzo, haste afore. Proclaim our pardon,  
And that we live to give the offenders mercy.  
Why are we born to greatness, mock'd with state,  
When every tumult staggers our proud fate?

SCIARRHA [*aside to Lorenzo*].

Our quarrel is deferr'd, sir. *Exeunt.* 215

[IV.i] *Enter Lorenzo.*

LORENZO.

My plots thrive not. My engines all deceive me,  
And in the very point of their discharge  
Recoil with danger to myself. Are there  
No faithful villains left in nature? All  
Turn'd honest? Man nor spirit aid Lorenzo, 5

2-3. And . . . myself] *Q1*; not in *Q2*.

---

1. *engines*] instruments. Cf. III.i.175.n.

Who hath not patience to expect his fate  
 But must compel it? How Sciarrha play'd  
 The dog-bolt wo' me! And had not I provided  
 In wisdom for him, that distress had ruin'd me.  
 His frozen sister, Amidea, too, 10  
 Hath half converted him. But I must set  
 New wheels in motion to make him yet  
 More hateful, and then cut him from his stalk,  
 Ripe for my vengeance. I'll not trust the rabble.  
 Confusion on the giddy multitude, 15  
 That but two minutes ere the duke came at 'em  
 Bellow'd out "liberty," shook the city with  
 Their throats, no sooner saw him but they melted  
 With the hot apprehension of a gallows.  
 And when a pardon was proclaim'd (a fine 20  
 State-snaffle for such mules), they turn'd their cry  
 To acclamations, and deaf'd heaven to beg  
 His long and prosperous reign. A sudden rot  
 Consume this base herd. And the devil want  
 Any cattle for his own teeth, these are for him. 25

*Enter a Servant.*

SERVANT.

Sciarrha, my lord, desires to speak with you.

LORENZO.

Sciarrha? Come near. You understand? Admit him.

*Exit Servant.*

*Enter Sciarrha.*

Welcome, my noble lord.

You were not wont to visit me.

SCIARRHA.

Nor mean

Ever to do't again.

LORENZO.

You bring frowns.

30

I can be sullen too. What is your pleasure?

20-23. And when . . . reign. A] *Q1*;  
*not in Q2.*

6. *expect*] await.

8. *dog-bolt*] "A term of contempt; = 'mean wretch'" (*OED*).

8. *wo'*] with.

SCIARRHA.

You have abus'd me.

LORENZO.

You have injur'd me.

SCIARRHA.

In what?

LORENZO.

Betray'd me basely to the duke.

SCIARRHA.

You denied then you were a traitor.

LORENZO.

Yes.

I was no fool to run my neck upon

35

The ax, and give you such a cause of triumph.

Were it again in question—

SCIARRHA.

Y'are a villain, sir.

And I must have it certified under your own hand

To show the duke.

LORENZO.

You shall be humbled to

Confess the contrary, nay, subscribe

40

That I am honest, and desire my pardon.

Look, I have a sword, and arm, and vigor,

Dare fight with thee didst ride upon a whirlwind,

Provoke thee on a rock, in waves, in fire,

And kill thee without scruple, such a strength

45

Is innocence.

SCIARRHA.

Innocence? Dost not fear a thunderbolt?

I shall be charitable to the world, and I

Cut thee in pieces. And yet then I fear

Thou wo't come together again. The devil does

Acknowledge thee on earth the greater mischief,

50

And has a fear when thou art dead he sha'not

Be safe in hell. Thou wo't conspire with some

Of his black fiends, and get his kingdom from him.

Didst not thou rail upon the duke?

LORENZO.

I grant it.

SCIARRHA.

Call him a tyrant?

LORENZO.

More, I do confess

55

44. thee] *Q2*; me *Q1*.

48-53. And yet . . . him] *Q1*; not  
in *Q2*.

I did exasperate you to kill or murder him,  
 Give it what name you please. With joy I brought him  
 Under the color of your guest to be  
 The common sacrifice. All this, I remember.  
 But is heaven's stock of mercy spent already 60  
 That sins, though great and horrid, may not be  
 Forgiven to the heart that groans with penitence?  
 Are the eternal fountains quite seal'd up?  
 I was a villain, traitor, murderer  
 In my consenting to his death, but hope 65  
 Those stains are now wash'd off.

SCIARRHA. Hast thou repented?

LORENZO.

Trust me, I have.

SCIARRHA. The devil is turn'd religious.

Augment not thy damnation.

LORENZO. As he was

A lustful duke, a tyrant, I had lost him.

In his return to piety, he commanded 70

My prayers and fresh obedience to wait on him.

He's now my prince again.

SCIARRHA. This is but cunning

To save your life.

LORENZO. My life? —Within there, ha!

*Enter divers Gentlemen arm'd.*

Welcome.

FIRST GENTLEMAN. My gracious lord.

SECOND GENTLEMAN. Wilt please your honor

Command my service?

THIRD GENTLEMAN. Or me?

FOURTH GENTLEMAN. Or any? 75

FIFTH GENTLEMAN.

Our swords and lives are yours.

SCIARRHA.

Perhaps your lordship hath some business

With these gentlemen. I'll take some other time.

68. Augment . . . damnation] *Q1*;  
*not in Q2.*

LORENZO.

By no means, good Sciarrha,  
 You visit seldom. Those are daily with me, 80  
 Men that expect employment, that wear swords  
 And carry spirits both to be engag'd  
 If I but name a cause. Gentlemen, draw.

SCIARRHA [*aside*].

My providence has betray'd me.

LORENZO.

Now, Sciarrha,

You that with single valor dare come home 85  
 To affront me thus, know but too late thy heart  
 Is at the mercy of my breath. These swords  
 Can fetch it when I please and, to prevent  
 Your boast of this great daring — [*to the Gentlemen*] I beseech,  
 As you do love and honor your Lorenzo, 90  
 No hand advance a weapon. Sheath again,  
 And leave us. I owe service to your loves,  
 But must not so dishonor you.

ALL GENTLEMEN.

We obey.

*Exeunt Gentlemen.*

SCIARRHA.

They're gone. This is some nobleness.

LORENZO.

You see

I do not fear your sword. Alone I have 95  
 Too much advantage. Yet you may imagine  
 How easily I could correct this rashness;  
 But in my fear to offend gracious heaven  
 With a new crime, having so late obtain'd  
 My peace, I give you freedom.

SCIARRHA.

Do I dream?

100

LORENZO.

Pray chide me still. I will be patient  
 To hear my shame.

SCIARRHA.

Is this to be believ'd?

Doth not Lorenzo counterfeit this virtue?  
 He does! It is impossible he should repent.

LORENZO.

Why, tell me, Sciarrha, and let us argue awhile 105  
 In cooler blood: did not you once resolve  
 To kill the duke too?

SCIARRHA.

I confess—

LORENZO.

To give him death with your own hand?  
Methinks it should be the same parricide  
In you, if not a greater. Yet you chang'd 110  
Your purpose. Why did you not go through  
And murder him?

SCIARRHA. He was converted.

LORENZO. Good.

That taught you mercy, and perhaps repentance  
For your intent.

SCIARRHA. It did.

LORENZO. Why should not, sir,  
The same conversion of the duke possess 115  
My heart with as much piety to him  
And sorrow for myself? If I should say  
You are but cunning, is this shape of honesty,  
And still suspect your soul to be a traitor,  
Might you not blame my want of charity? 120

SCIARRHA [*aside*].

He says but right. We are both men, frail things.—  
'Tis not impossible.

LORENZO. I am reconcil'd  
To heaven already, and the duke. If you  
Be still unsatisfied, I am ready, sir.

SCIARRHA.

The circumstance consider'd, I incline 125  
To think this may be honest.

LORENZO. Come, Sciarrha,  
We are both hasty. Pardon my rash language  
In the beginning. I will study service  
Shall make you love me. I ha' been too wicked,  
Too full of passion, inexorable. 130  
My nature is corrected at this minute.  
I'm friends with all the world, but in your love  
Shall number many blessings.

SCIARRHA. I am converted.

127-130. Pardon . . . inexorable]  
*Q1; not in Q2.*

Enter Petruchio.

LORENZO [*aside to Petruchio*].

What's the news?

PETRUCHIO [*aside to Lorenzo*]. My lord, Depazzi prays some conference

In the next chamber. We arriv'd by chance 135

Together at your gate. I do not like

His talk, sir.

LORENZO [*aside to Petruchio*]. Hang him, property. Let him

Expect. Thou art come i' the opportunity

I could have wish'd. Be wise and second me.

SCIARRHA [*aside*].

He waits upon Pisano,

140

Whose health I may inquire. I ha' not seen him

Since he departed sick. A fit occasion.

LORENZO.

Married to Oriana? Thou mistak'st.

'Tis Amidea, Lord Sciarrha's sister.

PETRUCHIO.

That contract's broken, and the old Lady

145

Morosa is violent to have the marriage

Finished with her daughter.

LORENZO.

Sciarrha,

Is't true Pisano marries Oriana,

The rich Morosa's daughter?

SCIARRHA.

Ha?

LORENZO.

We did expect to hear your sister should

150

Have been his bride. Has he forsaken Amidea?

SCIARRHA.

Do not you serve Pisano?

PETRUCHIO.

Yes, my Lord.

SCIARRHA.

And dare you talk he's to be married

To Oriana?

PETRUCHIO.

If they live till tomorrow.

There's great provision to my knowledge, and—

155

137.1. *Hang him, property.*] i.e., he has come to speak of property.

138. *Expect*] wait.



SCIARRHA [*strikes him*].

Take that, and learn to speak a truth hereafter.

LORENZO [*aside*].

That blow shall cost his life.—

It is not possible he dares affront

You thus. The world takes notice of a contract.

He's much to blame if he should wrong so sweet 160

A lady as Amidea. Now, by Hymen,

'Tis not so honorable. He need not scorn

Such an alliance.

PETRUCHIO. I am not to give

Account for my lord's actions. Let him answer

And justify his honor. But, my lord, 165

Since I am provoked, I must declare he has

Call'd back his vows to Amidea, given

Her freedom, and does mean to use his own.

And this he dares publish.

LORENZO. What? Disclaim'd

A lady of her birth and glorious merit? 170

SCIARRHA.

Th'art a villain.

LORENZO.

My lord, he is not worth your anger. He

Declares but what his master hath committed.

'Tis none of his fault.

PETRUCHIO. It becomes my duty

To take correction, my lord, from you. 175

I am a servant, a poor gentleman.

SCIARRHA.

Shall I suspect the circumstance at his departure?

LORENZO.

It is strange you knew not this before.

SCIARRHA.

I must examine if he dares—

LORENZO. Be patient.

SCIARRHA.

Teach fools and children patience; 180

160-163. He's much . . . alliance]

*Q1; not in Q2.*

The dogs eat up Sciarrha. Let me live  
 The prodigy of sorrow, die a death  
 That may draw tears from Scythians, if Pisano  
 Lead o'er his threshold any soon-won dame  
 To be my sister's shame. I am calm now. 185  
 One false, heaven, why should thy altars save?  
 'Tis just that Hymen light him to his grave. *Exit.*

LORENZO.

A thousand furies swell his rage. Although  
 Pisano bleed, this is the safest killing.  
 Wise men secure their fates and execute 190  
 Invisibly, like that most subtle flame  
 That burns the heart, yet leaves no path or touch  
 Upon the skin to follow or suspect it.  
 Farewell dull, passionate fool. How this doth feed me!  
 Kill, and be lost thyself. Or if his sword 195  
 Conclude thy life, both ways I am reveng'd.  
 Petruchio, thou didst hit my instructions rarely,  
 And I applaud thee. Now send in Depazzi,  
 And visit me anon.

PETRUCHIO. I shall, my lord. *Exit.*

LORENZO.

Some politician 200  
 That is not wise but by a precedent  
 Would think me weak for using such an instrument  
 As this Depazzi. But I know by proof  
 Such men whom fear and honor make our creatures  
 Do prove safe engines. Fools will still obey 205  
 When cunning knaves our confidence betray.

*Enter Depazzi and Rogero.*

181-183. Let me . . . Scythians] *Q1*.      pect it.] *Q1*; not in *Q2*.  
 not in *Q2*.      194. How . . . feed me!] *Q1*; not in  
 183. if Pisano] *Q1*; If *Pisano* out-      *Q2*.  
 lives my Sister's wrongs *Q2*.      195. Kill, and] *Q1*; Kill *Pisano*, and  
 184-186. Lead . . . One] *Q1*; not in      *Q2*.  
*Q2*.      200-206. Some . . . betray] *Q1*; not  
 188-193. A thousand furies . . . sus-      in *Q2*.

186. *One false*] one thus false.

205. *engines*] cf. III.i.175.n.

DEPAZZI.

My lord, I would speak a word or two in private.

LORENZO.

You may.

DEPAZZI.

Is nobody within hearing? All clear behind the arras?

LORENZO.

Make no doubt, sir.

210

DEPAZZI.

My lord, the truth is I am very fearful. Is your lordship sure there are no eavesdroppers?

LORENZO.

What needs this circumstance? I pray come to the point.

DEPAZZI.

'Tis not unknown to your lordship that you have been my very good lord. Neither am I ignorant that I am your humble servant. You advanc'd me, brought me into the number of the nobles, and I brought you a reasonable number of crowns. I am not the first wise citizen that hath been converted into a foolish courtier. But my lord, I beseech you pardon me—it will out.

220

LORENZO.

What's the matter?

DEPAZZI.

I am ready to burst.

LORENZO.

With what?

DEPAZZI.

Treason, treason. Now't's out, and I feel my body the lighter for't already. The past plot did not take, you see, and I would humbly entreat your lordship to excuse me and get somebody else hereafter to be your traitor in my stead.

225

LORENZO.

How, sir?

DEPAZZI.

If you did but know the tenderness of my constitution, or feel the pangs and convulsions that I suffer, you would pity me. I fall away, you see. I cannot sleep for dreaming of an

230

ax. I have caus'd my hangings of Holofernes to be taken down in my dining room because I dare not look upon a head that is cut off in it, something of my complexion. My wisdom tells me I am a fool to be so fearful, but my conscience tells me I am a greater fool if I ha' not wit enough 235 in my pate to keep my head on my shoulders. I beseech your lordship, take me into your consideration. I am but a mortal, though I be a lord. Every man hath not the like gift of impudence. I have a weak stomach, and treason is physic to me, 240 and although I do not vomit up your secrets, they may out some other way.

LORENZO.

You wo'not betray me.

DEPAZZI.

But alas, in such a case I may soon bewray myself, and then your lordship may soon be smelt out. To prevent, therefore, some mischief that may happen, I desire to leave off while I am well, and that your lordship may know I mean plainly, I ha' brought you all your letters. I durst not trust any other place with 'em for fear of state rats. I have unript my bosom to you, and there they are to a tittle—now I may safely 250 swear I have no hand with your lordship.

LORENZO.

This is very strange.

DEPAZZI.

Mistake not, my good lord. I am still your creature, but I have a great mind to be honest a little while among the weaker sort of nobility. Yet thus much persuade yourself, 255 I will ne'er wrong your lordship in a syllable. Should you tell me of a thousand treasons and stratagems, I will never reveal any, I scorn that, but your lordship must pardon me, I will be a traitor no longer. That's certain. I will be honest, and the rather because nobody shall hit me in the 260 teeth after I am dead, and say, "Look where Depazzi carries

241-242. and although . . . way.] 261. where] *Gifford*; were *Q1*-2. *Q1*; not in *Q2*.

---

232. *Holofernes*] beheaded by Judith in the Apocryphal book.

234. *something*] somewhat.

244. *bewray*] (1) betray; (2) befoul.

his head very high." And my lord, the more to induce your lordship to dismiss me—Rogero.

ROGERO.

My lord?

DEPAZZI.

Give me the gold. —I have brought fifteen hundred crowns 265  
more.

LORENZO.

Wherefore?

DEPAZZI.

That I may have my lordship's good will to leave my office before it be taken from me, and preferr'd to a worse. 'Tis half the price I paid for't. I love peace and a little 270 honesty. I know your honor will find an able man for it, and it is fit I should pay for my quietus.

LORENZO.

And what do you resolve?

DEPAZZI.

To return to the dunghill from whence I came. For though I was born in the city, I have some land in the country, 275 dirty acres and mansion house where I will be the miracle of a courtier, and keep good hospitality, love my neighbors and their wives, and consequently get their children, be admir'd amongst the justices, sleep upon every bench, keep a chaplain in my own house to be my idolater and furnish 280 me with jests, and when I have nothing else to do, I will think of the court and how much I have been oblig'd to your lordship. My lord, I may do you service with a leading voice in the country. The kennel will cry o' my side. If it come to election, you or your friend shall carry it against 285 the commonwealth.

LORENZO.

Well sir, since you have express'd yourself so freely, I will not counsel you against your disposition to stay at court. You may go when and whither you please, and though at parting I have nothing worth your acceptance, I will bestow 290 these crowns upon your servant.

DEPAZZI [*aside to Rogero*].

Thou shalt give 'em me again.

ROGERO [*aside to Depazzi*].

Indeed, my lord, I love a little honesty. 'Tis his lordship's bounty. It will be a stock to set me up for myself at court when your lordship is retir'd into the country. —I humbly thank your lordship— [*to Depazzi*] and take my leave of yours. Exit.

*Enter a Servant.*

SERVANT.

The duke, my lord.

*Exit Servant.*

DEPAZZI.

How, the duke?

*[Enter the Duke.]*

DUKE.

Signior Depazzi.

300

LORENZO.

He has been earnest with me, and please your highness,  
To be his humble suitor he may have  
Freedom to leave the court.

DUKE.

He shall be banish'd.

DEPAZZI.

How?

LORENZO.

What time will your grace allow to provide?

305

DUKE.

Two hours.

DEPAZZI.

I had rather lose my head at home, and save charges of travel. I beseech your grace.

DUKE.

Well, 'tis granted. Let him not trouble us.

LORENZO.

Enjoy the country, and return when the duke sends for you. 310

DEPAZZI.

I humbly thank his highness, and will pray for your increase of grace. Exit.

DUKE.

Lorenzo, are we private?

---

301. *and*] and it.

LORENZO. Yes, my lord.

DUKE.

I am very melancholy.

LORENZO.

I know the cause. 'Tis Amidea.

DUKE.

Right.

315

LORENZO.

I do not wish her dead.

DUKE.

It were a sin.

LORENZO.

Not in heaven, sir. Yet there be ladies  
That would think it a promotion.

DUKE.

It were pity she should leave  
The world till she hath taught by her example  
The nearest way.

320

LORENZO.

I am very confident

She's yet honest.

DUKE.

Yet, Lorenzo?

LORENZO.

Ay, sir, but I'm not of opinion  
It is impossible to know a change.

DUKE.

Take heed.

325

LORENZO.

I must confess she has been very valiant  
In making you remove your siege, and show'd  
Pretty dexterity at the poniard.  
See herself bleed? But this a mortal virgin  
Might do and not be ador'd for't. Other women  
Have gone as far or else false legends have  
Been thrust upon the easy world. Some say  
There have been creatures that have kill'd themselves  
To save their sullen chastities, but I  
Have no strong faith that way. Yet, you were startled  
To see her strike her arm, and grew compassionate.

330

335

330-335. Other women . . . Yet,  
*Q1; not in Q2.*

DUKE.

I was not marble. We break adamant  
 With blood, and could I be a man and not  
 Be mov'd to see that hasty ebb of life  
 For my sake?

LORENZO.

I have read some aged stories.

340

What think you of Lucrece? She is remember'd.

DUKE.

Chastity's great example.

LORENZO.

How the world

Was cozen'd in her. She knew of Tarquin first,  
 And then suspecting she should never meet  
 Again the active gentleman, having  
 Determin'd of his death, with well-dissembled  
 Sorrow did stab herself in hope to meet  
 The gamester in Elysium. Amidea,  
 You will allow beneath this Roman dame.

345

DUKE.

Lorenzo, had the burning ravisher  
 Made this attempt on Amidea, she  
 Would have compell'd his penitence to quench  
 His fire with holy tears. I had a body  
 Refin'd to air, or I was borne up by  
 A thousand wings. Methought I could have flown  
 And kiss'd the cheek of Cynthia, thence with ease  
 Have leapt to Venus' star. But I was wounded,  
 And the gay feathers in whose pride I had  
 My confidence serv'd now but with their weight  
 To hasten me to earth.

350

355

LORENZO.

Ascend again

360

And fix in your lov'd orb. He brings this comfort  
 That can assure it, if you have not lost  
 A heart to entertain with love and pleasure  
 The beauteous Amidea.

DUKE.

Ha?

LORENZO.

You shall enjoy her.

340-360. I have read . . . to earth.]  
*Q1; not in Q2.*

362-364. if you . . . Amidea.] *Q1;*  
*not in Q2.*

343. *knew of*] knew carnally.



DUKE.

Enjoy fair Amidea? Do not tempt, 365  
Or rather mock my frailty with such a promise.

LORENZO.

Shake off your melancholy slumber. I  
Have here decreed you shall possess her, she  
Be sent submissive to your arms, and you  
Be gracious to accept what she made coy of. 370

DUKE.

Is this in nature?

LORENZO.

Thus: Sciarrha's life  
And fortunes are already growing forfeit.  
These brains have plotted so. Your mercy shall  
Purchase what you can wish for in his sister,  
And he acknowledge rifling of her honor 375  
A fair and cheap redemption.

DUKE.

Do this

And I'll repent the folly of my penitence,  
And take thee to my soul, a nearer pledge  
Than blood or nature gave me. I'm renew'd.  
I feel my natural warmth return. When? Where 380  
Is this to be expected? I grow old  
While our embraces are deferr'd.

LORENZO.

I go

To hasten your delight. Prepare your blood  
For amorous game. Sciarrha's fate is cast  
Firmer than destiny.

DUKE.

Thou art my prophet. 385

I'll raise thee up an altar.

LORENZO.

Trust these brains.

DUKE.

Thou mak'st my spirit caper in my veins. *Exeunt.*

[IV.ii] *[Enter] Cosmo and Two Gentlemen above.*

FIRST GENTLEMAN.

This way they pass.

374-376. for . . . redemption.] *Q1*; *not in Q2.*

*not in Q2.*

387. S.D. *Exeunt*] *Gifford*; *Exit*

383-384. Prepare . . . game.] *Q1*; *Q1-2.*

COSMO. I would not see 'em.

SECOND GENTLEMAN.

Why?

FIRST GENTLEMAN.

What, melancholy o' the sudden? It is now  
Past cure.

COSMO. I know it is, and therefore do not  
Desire to witness their solemnity.  
Should Oriana see me today—

SECOND GENTLEMAN.

What then?

5

COSMO.

The object, I fear, would be too prodigious.

SECOND GENTLEMAN.

We dispute not those nice formalities.

*Enter Alonzo, Pisano, Oriana, Morosa.*

FIRST GENTLEMAN.

She has spied you already.

COSMO.

I am sorry for't. Oriana faints.

[Cosmo and Gentlemen retire.]

MOROSA.

How is't, my child?

PISANO.

My dearest Oriana.

She faints. What grief is so unmannerly

10

To interrupt thee now, Oriana?

MOROSA.

Daughter!

PISANO.

Will heaven divorce us ere the priest have made

Our marriage perfect? We in vain hereafter

Shall hear him teach that our religion binds

To have the church's ceremony. She returns.

15

ORIANA.

Why were you so unkind to call me from

A pleasing slumber? Death has a fine dwelling.

ALONZO.

This shows her heart's not yet consenting. 'Tis

7.1. Alonzo, Pisano] *Gifford*; Alonzo, Piero, Pisano *Q1-2*.

9. My dearest Oriana] *Q1*; not in *Q2*.

13-15. We in vain . . . ceremony] *Q1*; not in *Q2*.

18. S.P. ALONZO.] *this edn.*; *Pie. Q1-2*; *Pis. Gifford*.

7. nice] subtle.

Her mother's fierce command.

ORIANA.

Something spake

To me from that window.

PISANO.

There is nothing.

20

ORIANA.

Nothing now.

PISANO.

Set forward.

ALONZO.

I do not like

This interruption. 'Tis ominous.

*Enter Amidea.*

AMIDEA.

Not for my sake but for your own, go back,  
Or take some other way. This leads to death.  
My brother—

PISANO.

What of him?

AMIDEA.

Transported with

25

The fury of revenge for my dishonor—

As he conceives, for 'tis against my will—

Hath vow'd to kill you in your nuptial glory.

Alas, I fear his haste. Now, good my lord,

Have mercy on your self. I do not beg

30

Your pity upon me. I know too well

You cannot love me now, nor would I rob

This virgin of your faith since you have pleas'd

To throw me from your love. I do not ask

One smile, nor one poor kiss. Enrich this maid

35

Created for those blessings. But again

I would beseech you, cherish your own life

Though I be lost forever.

ALONZO.

It is worth

Your care, my lord, if there be any danger.

PISANO.

Alas, her grief hath made her wild, poor lady.

40

I should not love Oriana to go back.

Set forward. Amidea, you may live

27. As he . . . will] *Q1*; not in *Q2*.

32-36. nor would . . . blessings.]

*Q1*; not in *Q2*.

---

41. *to go back*] i.e., "if I were to go back."

To be a happier bride. Sciarrha is not  
So irreligious to prophane these rites.

AMIDEA.

Will you not then believe me? Pray persuade him. 45  
You are his friends. Lady, it will concern  
You most of all indeed. I fear you'll weep  
To see him dead as well as I.

PISANO.

No more.

Set forward.

AMIDEA.

I have done. Pray be not angry 50  
That still I wish you well. May heaven divert  
All harms that threaten you. Full blessings crown  
Your marriage. I hope there is no sin in this.  
Indeed, I cannot choose but pray for you.  
This might have been my wedding day.

ORIANA [*aside to Amidea*].

Good heaven,

I would it were. My heart can tell I take 55  
No joy in being his bride, none in your prayers.  
You shall have my consent to have him still.  
I will resign my place and wait on you,  
If you will marry him.

AMIDEA [*aside to Oriana*]. Pray do not mock me,

But if you do, I can forgive you too. 60

ORIANA [*aside to Amidea*].

Dear Amidea, do not think I mock  
Your sorrow. By these tears that are not worn  
By every virgin on her wedding day,  
I am compell'd to give away myself.  
Your hearts were promis'd, but he ne'er had mine. 65  
Am not I wretched too?

AMIDEA [*aside to Oriana*]. Alas, poor maid,

We two keep sorrow alive then. But I prithee  
When thou art married, love him. Prithee, love him,  
For he esteems thee well, and once a day  
Give him a kiss for me, but do not tell him 70

51-52. Full . . . marriage.] *Q1*; not in *Q2*. 62. sorrow] *Q1*, sorrows *Q2*.  
56-57. none . . . still.] *Q1*; not in *Q2*. 66-92. Alas . . . willow here.] *Q1*;  
*Q2*.

'Twas my desire. Perhaps 'twill fetch a sigh  
From him, and I had rather break my heart.  
But one word more, and heaven be with you all.—  
Since you have led the way, I hope, my lord,  
That I am free to marry too.

PISANO.

Thou art.

75

AMIDEA.

Let me beseech you then to be so kind,  
After your own solemnities are done,  
To grace my wedding. I shall be married shortly.

PISANO.

To whom?

AMIDEA. To one whom you have all heard talk of.

Your fathers knew him well. One who will never  
Give cause I should suspect him to forsake me.

A constant lover, one whose lips, though cold,  
Distill chaste kisses. Though our bridal bed  
Be not adorn'd with roses, 'twill be green.

We shall have virgin laurel, cypress, yew, 85

To make us garlands. Though no pine do burn,  
Our nuptial shall have torches, and our chamber  
Shall be cut out of marble where we'll sleep  
Free from all care forever. Death, my lord,  
I hope shall be my husband. Now farewell.

Although no kiss, accept my parting tear,  
And give me leave to wear my willow here. *Exit*

*Enter Sciarrha; Lorenzo aloof with a guard.*

ALONZO.

Sciarrha! Then I prophesy—

**SCIARRHA.**

## Pisano, where's Pisano?

PISANO.

Here, Sciarrha.

I should have answer'd with less clamor. 95

**SCIARRHA.**

But I would not lose my voice. I must be heard.

And does concern you. I profess no augury.  
 I have not quarter'd out the heavens to take  
 The flight of birds, nor by inspection  
 Of entrails made a divination.  
 But I must tell you, 'tis not safe to marry.

100

PISANO.

Why?

SCIARRHA. 'Twill be fatal. Hymen is gone abroad,  
 And Venus, lady of your nativity,  
 Is found by wise astrologers this day  
 I'th' house of death.

PISANO.

This must not fright me, sir.

105

Set forward.

SCIARRHA.

One cold word—you are a villain.

I do not flatter.

PISANO.

I am patient.

This day I consecrate to love, not anger.

We'll meet some other time.

SCIARRHA.

Deride my fury?

Then to thy heart I send my own revenge

110

And Amidea's.

*Stabs him with a poniard.*

PISANO.

I am murder'd.

MOROSA.

Help! Murder! Gentlemen, Oh my unhappiness!

*Enter Lorenzo with a guard.*

PISANO.

Bloody Sciarrha.

[Dies.]

LORENZO.

Hold.

SCIARRHA.

Come all at once.

Yet let me tell you, my revenge is perfect,  
 And I would spare your blood. If you despise  
 My charity—

115

LORENZO.

No man attempt his death.

I'll give ye reasons. This attempt deserves

97-100. And . . . divination.] Q1; 101. But] Q1; And Q2.  
 not in Q2. 117. ye] this edn.; yea Q1; you Q2.

97. And] and it.

117. attempt] attempt against the law and state.

An exemplary justice.

SCIARRHA. I am above  
Your politic reach, and glory in the wound  
That punish'd our dishonor. Is he dead? 120  
I would not be so miserable not to ha' sped him  
For the empire.

*Enter Cosmo.*

COSMO. Oh, my friend; poor Orian.

LORENZO.  
Disarm him.  
Return and comfort one another. Some  
Remove Pisano's body, while I make it 125  
My care Sciarrha 'scape not.

*Exeunt [bearing the body of Pisano] all but Lorenzo, Sciarrha, and guard.*

SCIARRHA. None of all

Give me a scratch?

LORENZO. You have forc'd him with discretion.

SCIARRHA.

Now what must I expect?

LORENZO. You are my prisoner.

SCIARRHA.

I am so.

LORENZO. And be confident to find

That favor—

SCIARRHA. Favor?

LORENZO [*to the guard*]. Be at distance. More.— 130

My lord, I am sorry for your great misfortune,

And if you can but study how I may

Assist you, you shall soon discern my love,

My readiness to serve you.

SCIARRHA. Ha, this honest?

LORENZO.

I would deserve your faith. 135

A friend but in affliction justifies

His heart and honor. I durst run some hazard

118. justice.] *Q1*; Justice. *Enter* 135–142. I would . . . honors.] *Q1*;  
Cosmo *Q2*. *not in Q2*.

136. justifies] *Gifford*; justify *Q1*.

Might I secure your fate. Name something to me  
That may declare my friendship.

SCIARRHA. Be still safe,  
And teach the world repentance for mistaking thee. 140  
I pity not myself, but envy thy  
Heroic honors.

LORENZO. I will impose no more  
Restraint than your own house. You're honorable.  
You have many severe enemies. The duke  
Look'd graciously upon Pisano, but— 145

SCIARRHA.  
You sha'not lose the smallest beam of favor  
To buy a man so desperate. I never  
Thought death the monster that weak men have fancied  
As foil to make us more in love with life.  
The devil's picture may affright poor souls 150  
Into their body's paleness, but the substance  
To resolute man's a shadow, and cold sweat  
Dare not approach his forehead. I am arm'd  
To die, and give example of that fortitude  
Shall shame the law's severity. My sister 155  
May now give back Pisano his false vows  
To line his coffin. One tear shed on me's  
Enough. The justice I ha' done shall make  
My memory belov'd.

LORENZO. I ha' thought a way  
To recover you if you incline to't. 160  
Dare you consent?

SCIARRHA. To anything that's noble.  
Although I never fear'd to suffer, I  
Am, not so foolish to despise a life.

LORENZO.  
There is no difficulty attends it. Listen,  
The time will not permit much circumstance. 165  
The duke, you know, did love your sister.

147-153. I never . . . forehead.] 155-159. My sister . . . belov'd.]  
*Q1; not in Q2.* *Q1; not in Q2.*

147. *buy*] redeem.



SCIARRHA.

Viciously.

LORENZO.

Her virtue did but cool him for the present,  
 As sprinklings on a flame. He's now more passionate  
 To enjoy her.

SCIARRHA.

Ha!

LORENZO.

If she consent to meet

His soft embrace, with his first kiss he seals 170

Your pardon. Then the act upon Pisano

Appears a true revenge when none dares question it.

Beside addition of state and fortune

To you and Amidea, weigh your danger,

And what a trifle she gives up to save 175

Your life that never can be valued,

Less recompens'd. The duke may be so taken

With her return to his delight, who knows

But he may marry her, and discharge his duchess

With a quaint sallet. You do apprehend me? 180

SCIARRHA.

And repent more I had one good thought of thee,

Than I had kill'd a thousand. Save my life

And prostitute my sister? Though I have

No weapon, I will look thee dead, or breathe

A damp shall stifle thee. That I could vomit 185

Consuming flames or stones like Aetna, make

The earth with motion of my feet shrink lower

And take thee in alive. Oh, that my voice

Could call a serpent from corrupted Nile

To make thee part of her accursed bowels. 190

Is this noble friendship? Readiness

To save my life? Let malice read all stories

Famous for cruelty, awake dead tyrants,

Or be instructed by their ghosts with tortures

Such as will make a damned fury weep 195

Only to see inflicted. I would bear 'em,

171-177. Then . . . recompens'd.] 185-198. That I . . . temptation.]  
*Q1; not in Q2.* *Q1; not in Q2.*

174. *weigh*] consider.

180. *sallet*] salad (dressed with poisonous oils).

And weary my tormentors, ere consent  
In thought to thy temptation.

LORENZO. I ha' done,  
And praise your heathen resolution  
Of death. Go practice immortality 200  
And tell us, when you can get leave to visit  
This world again, what fine things you enjoy  
In hell, for thither these rash passions drive thee.  
And ere thy body hath three days inhabited  
A melancholy chamber in the earth 205  
Hung round about with skulls and dead men's bones,  
Ere Amidea have told all her tears  
Upon thy marble, or the epitaph  
Belie thy soul by saying it is fled  
To heaven, this sister shall be ravish'd 210  
Maugre thy dust and heraldry.

SCIARRHA. Ha, ravish'd?  
When I am dead, was't not so? Oh, my soul,  
I feel it weep within me, and the tears  
Softened my flesh. Lorenzo, I repent  
My fury.

LORENZO. I advis'd you the best way 215  
My wisdom could direct.

SCIARRHA. I thank you for't.  
You have awak'd my reason. I am asham'd  
I was no sooner sensible. Does the duke  
Affect my sister still, say you?

LORENZO. Most passionately.

SCIARRHA.  
She shall obey him then, upon my life. 220  
That's it, my life. I know she loves me dearly.  
I shall have much ado to win her to't,  
But she shall come. I'll send her.

LORENZO. Perform this?

201-203. And tell . . . drive thee.] 206-210. Hung round . . . heaven]  
*Q1; not in Q2.* *Q1; not in Q2.*  
222. to't] *Q1; to it Q2.*

207. *told*] counted.

211. *Maugre*] in spite of.

SCIARRHA.

I wo'not only send her, but prepar'd  
 Not to be disobedient to his highness. 225  
 He shall command her anything.

LORENZO.

Do this,

And be forever happy. When these have  
 Only for form but waited on you home,  
 This disengages 'em.

SCIARRHA.

My humblest service

To the duke, I pray, and tell him Amidea 230  
 This night shall be at his dispose, by this.

[*There is an exchange of seals, or rings.*]

LORENZO.

I'm confident. Farewell. —Attend Sciarrha.

SCIARRHA.

Pity the seaman, that to avoid a shelf  
 Must strike upon a rock to save himself. *Exeunt.*

[V.i]

*Enter Sciarrha and Amidea.*

SCIARRHA.

The doors are fast.  
 Enough is wept already for Pisano.  
 There's something else that must be thought on, and  
 Of greater consequence. I am yet unsafe,  
 That for thy sake am guilty of his blood. 5

AMIDEA.

Though all my stock of tears were spent already  
 Upon Pisano's loss, and that my brain  
 Were bankrout of moisture and denied  
 To lend my grief one drop more for his funeral,  
 Yet the remembrance that you have made 10  
 A forfeit of your dear life  
 Is able to create a weeping spring

7-9. and that . . . funeral] *Q1*; not  
 in *Q2*.

227. *these*] i.e., the guard.

229. *This*] i.e., a ring or signet. Cf. "by this," l. 231.

[V.i]

8. *bankrout*] bankrupt.

Within my barren head. Oh, my lost brother,  
 Thou hast a cruel destiny. My eyes  
 In pity of thy fate desire to drown thee. 15  
 The law will only seek thee upon land.  
 Hid in my tears, thou shalt prevent the stroke  
 Kills both our name and thee.

SCIARRHA. I know thou lov'st me,  
 Poor girl. I shall desire to cherish life  
 If thou lament me thus. So rich a comfort 20  
 Will tempt me wish I might delay my journey  
 To heaven.

AMIDEA. Good heaven, that we might go together.

SCIARRHA.  
 That must not be.

AMIDEA. Then let me go before.

SCIARRHA.  
 How?

AMIDEA. Make my suit unto the prince. My blood  
 May be your ransom. Let me die, Sciarrha. 25  
 My life is fruitless unto all the world.  
 The duke in justice will not deny this,  
 And though I weep in telling thee, I shall  
 Smile on the scaffold.

SCIARRHA. How my honor blushes  
 To hear thee, Amidea! In this love 30  
 Thou wound'st me more than thou desir'st to save.  
 Suffer for me? Why thou art innocent.  
 I have provok'd the punishment, and dare  
 Obey it manly. If thou couldst redeem me  
 With anything but death, I think I should 35  
 Consent to live, but I'd not have thee venture  
 All at one chance.

AMIDEA. Nothing can be too precious  
 To save a brother, such a loving brother  
 As you have been.

SCIARRHA. Death's a devouring gamester,

26-29. My life . . . scaffold.] *Q1*; 30-31. In this . . . save.] *Q1*; *not in Q2*.  
*not in Q2*. *Q2*.

- And sweeps up all. What think'st thou of an eye? 40  
 Couldst thou spare one, and think the blemish recompens'd  
 To see me safe with t'other? Or a hand,  
 This white hand that hath so often  
 With admiration trembled on the lute,  
 Till we have pray'd thee leave the strings awhile, 45  
 And laid our ears close to thy ivory fingers,  
 Suspecting all the harmony proceeded  
 From their own motion without the need  
 Of any dull or passive instrument.  
 No, Amidea shalt not bear one scar 50  
 To buy my life. The sickle shall not touch  
 A flower that grows so fair upon his stalk.  
 Thy t'other hand will miss a white companion,  
 And wither on thy arm. What then can I  
 Expect from thee to save me? I would live 55  
 And owe my life to thee, so 'twere not bought  
 Too dear.
- AMIDEA. Do you believe I should not find  
 The way to heaven were both mine eyes thy ransom?  
 I shall climb up those high and rugged cliffs  
 Without a hand.
- SCIARRHA. One way there is, if thou 60  
 Dost love with that tenderness.
- AMIDEA. Pronounce it,  
 And let no danger that attends incline you  
 To make a pause.
- SCIARRHA. The duke, thou know'st, did love thee.
- AMIDEA.  
 Ha!
- SCIARRHA. Nay do not start already, nor mistake me. 65  
 I do not as before make trial of thee  
 Whether thou canst, laying aside thy honor,  
 Meet his lascivious arms, but by this virtue  
 I must beseech thee to forgo it all  
 And turn a sinful woman.

50. Amidea shalt] *Q1*; Amidea, 53-55. Thy t'other... save me?]  
 thou shalt *Q2*. *Q1*; not in *Q2*.

59. cliffs] *Q2*; ciffes *Q1*.

AMIDEA.

Bless me!

SCIARRHA.

I know the kingdoms of the world contain not 70  
 Riches enough to tempt thee to a fall  
 That will so much undo thee. But I am  
 Thy brother, dying brother. If thou lov'st  
 Him, therefore, that for thee hath done so much—  
 Dyed his pale hands in blood to revenge thee, 75  
 And in that murder wounded his own soul  
 Almost to death—consent to lose thy innocence.  
 I know it makes thee grieve, but I shall live  
 To love thee better for it. We'll repent  
 Together for our sins, and pray and weep 80  
 Till heaven hath pardon'd all.

AMIDEA.

Oh never, never.

SCIARRHA.

Do but repeat thy words, "to save my life,"  
 And that will teach compassion. "My life."  
 Our shame, the stain of all our family  
 Which will succeed in my ignoble death, 85  
 Thou wastest off.

AMIDEA.

But stain myself forever.

SCIARRHA.

Where? In thy face who shall behold one blemish?  
 Or one spot more in thy whole frame? Thy beauty  
 Will be the very same, thy speech, thy person  
 Wear no deformity.

AMIDEA.

Oh do not speak 90

So like a rebel to all modesty,  
 To all religion. If these arguments  
 Spring from your jealousy that I am fall'n,  
 After a proof you did so late applaud—

SCIARRHA.

I had not kill'd Pisano then. I am now 95

78-81. I know . . . all.] *Q1; not in Q2.* 83-86. And that . . . wastest off.]  
*Q1; not in Q2.*  
 82. Do . . . words] *Q1; What, not Q2.* 95-98. I am now . . . ache now.]  
*Q1; not in Q2.*

93. *jealousy*] suspicion.

More spotted than the marble. Then my head  
 Did owe no forfeiture to law.  
 It does ache now. Then I but tried thy virtue.  
 Now my condition calls for mercy to thee,  
 Though to thyself thou appear cruel for't. 100  
 Come, we may live both if you please.

AMIDEA. I must never  
 Buy my poor breath at such a rate. Who has  
 Made you afraid to die? I pity you,  
 And wish myself in any noble cause  
 Your leader. When our souls shall leave this dwelling, 105  
 The glory of one fair and virtuous action  
 Is above all the scutcheons on our tomb,  
 Or silken banners over us.

SCIARRHA. So valiant?  
 I will not interpose another syllable  
 To entreat your pity. Say your prayers, and then 110  
 Th'art ripe to be translated from the earth  
 To make a cherubim.

AMIDEA. What means my brother?

SCIARRHA.  
 To kill you.

AMIDEA. Do not fright me, good Sciarrha.

SCIARRHA.  
 And I allow three minutes for your devotion.

AMIDEA.  
 Will you murder me? 115

SCIARRHA.  
 D'ee tremble?

AMIDEA. Not at the terror of your sword,  
 But at the horror will affright thy soul  
 For this black deed. I see Pisano's blood  
 Is texted in thy forehead, and thy hands  
 Retain too many, too many crimson spots already. 120  
 Make not thyself, by murdering of thy sister,

101-102. I must . . . rate.] *Q1*; not *Q2*.

*in Q2*. 106-108. The glory . . . over us.]

105. When . . . dwelling] *Q1*; not *in Q1*; not *in Q2*.

All a red letter.

SCIARRHA. You shall be the martyr.

AMIDEA.

Yet stay. Is there no remedy but death,  
And from your hand? Then keep your word, and let me  
Use one short prayer.

*Kneels.*

SCIARRHA [*aside*]. I shall relent.

125

AMIDEA [*aside*].

Forgive me, heaven, and witness I have still  
My virgin thoughts. 'Tis not to save my life,  
But his eternal one.—

*Rises.*

Sciarrha, give me leave to veil my face.  
I dare not look upon you and pronounce.  
I am too much a sister. Live. Hereafter  
I know you will condemn my frailty for it.  
I will obey the duke.

130

SCIARRHA. Dar'st thou consent?

*Wounds her.*

AMIDEA.

Oh let me see the wound.  
'Tis well, if any other hand had done it.  
Some angel tell my brother now I did  
But seem consenting.

*She unveils.*

135

SCIARRHA. Ha! But seem?

AMIDEA.

You may believe my last breath.

SCIARRHA. Why didst say so?

AMIDEA.

To gain some time in hope you might call in  
Your bloody purpose, and prevent the guilt  
Of being my murderer. But heaven forgive thee.

140

SCIARRHA.

Again, again, forgive me, Amideia,  
And pray for me. Live but a little longer  
To hear me speak. My passion hath betray'd

128. S.D.] *to the right of l. 129 in Q1.* 144–149. My passion . . . lust] *Q1*;  
138. say] *Q1*; thou *Q2.* *not in Q2*

122. *red letter*] The names of the martyrs were printed in red in the Roman calendars.

130. *pronounce*] speak.



Thee to this wound, for which I know not whether 145  
 I should rejoice or weep since thou art virtuous.  
 The duke, whose soul is black again, expects thee  
 To be his whore. —Good death, be not so hasty.—  
 The agent for his lust, Lorenzo, has  
 My oath to send thee to his bed; for otherwise, 150  
 In my denial, hell and they decree,  
 When I am dead, to ravish thee. Mark that,  
 To ravish thee. And I confess in tears  
 As full of sorrow as thy soul of innocence,  
 In my religious care to have thee spotless, 155  
 I did resolve, when I had found thee ripe  
 And nearest heaven, with all thy best desires  
 To send thee to thy peace. Thy feign'd consent  
 Hath brought thy happiness more early to thee,  
 And sav'd some guilt. Forgive me altogether. 160

AMIDEA.

With the same heart I beg heaven for myself.  
 Farewell.

SCIARRHA. Thou shalt not die yet! Amidea. Sister.—

Florio *knocks*.

I cannot come.—

But one word more. Oh, which way went thy soul?

Or is it gone so far it cannot hear me? 165

Florio *breaks open the door*.

Florio, look. Here's our sister. So, so, chafe her.

She may return. There is some motion.

FLORIO.

Sister!

SCIARRHA.

Speak aloud, Florio. If her spirit be not

Departed, I will seal this passage up.

I feel her breath again. —Here's Florio 170

154–155. As full . . . spotless] *Q1*; 165.1. *open*] *Gifford*; *ope Q1*.  
*not in Q2*. 166. Florio, look] *this edn.*; *Flo*.  
 158–160. Thy feign'd . . . altogeth-  
 er.] *Q1*; *not in Q2*. Looke *Q1*; *Sci*. Look *Q2*.  
 165. Or . . . hear me?] *Q1*; *not in Q2*. 168–170. Speak . . . again.] *Q1*;

Would fain take his leave. —So, so, she comes.

FLORIO

Amidea,

How came this wound?

AMIDEA.

I drew the weapon to it.

Heaven knows my brother lov'd me. Now I hope

The duke wo't pursue me with new flames.

Sciarrha, tell the rest. Love one another

175

The time you live together. I'll pray for you

In heaven. Farewell. Kiss me when I am dead.

You else will stay my journey.

*She dies.*

SCIARRHA.

Didst not hear

An angel call her? Florio, I have much

To tell thee. Take her up. Stay, I will talk

180

A little more with her. She is not dead.

Let her alone. Nay then, she's gone indeed,

But hereabouts her soul must hover still.

Let's speak to that. —Fair spirit—

FLORIO.

You talk idly.

SCIARRHA.

Do you talk wisely then? An excellent pattern

185

As she now stands for her own alabaster.

Or may she not be kept from putrefaction,

And be the very figure on her tomb?

Cannot thy tears and mine preserve her, Florio?

If we want brine, a thousand virgins shall

190

Weep every day upon her, and themselves

In winter, leaning round about her monument,

Being moist creatures, stiffen with the cold

And freeze into so many white supporters.

But we lose time. I charge thee by thy love

195

To this pale relic, be instructed by me,

Not to thy danger. Some revenge must be,

And I am lost already. If thou fall,

Who shall survive to give us funeral?

*Exeunt.*

180–181. Stay . . . her.] *Q1*; not in *Q2*. 190–194. If we . . . supporters.] *Q1*;  
not in *Q2*.

187–188. Or may . . . tomb?] *Q1*; 195. love] *Q2*; lo *Q1*.  
not in *Q2*.

186. *alabaster*] alabaster.

LORENZO.

Petruchio?

PETRUCHIO. My lord.

LORENZO. Th'art now my servant.

PETRUCHIO.

I ever was in heart your humblest vassal.

LORENZO.

Th'art faithful. I must cherish thy desert.

I shortly shall reward it, very shortly.

Next morning must salute me duke. The sun

5

And I must rise together.

PETRUCHIO.

I shall pray

Your glory may outshine him in your Florence,

And when he sets, we may enjoy your sunbeam.

LORENZO.

'Tis handsome flattery, and becomes a courtier.

PETRUCHIO.

I flatter not, my lord.

LORENZO.

Then th'art a fool.

10

No music to a great man chimes so sweetly;

And men must thrive. Come hither. How many

Hast thou kill'd?

PETRUCHIO.

But one, my lord.

LORENZO.

But one?

PETRUCHIO.

And I must owe

My life to your lordship. I had been hang'd else.

15

LORENZO.

But one? Wait at the door.

[*Exit Petruchio.*]

He is

Not fit to kill a duke, whose hand is guilty

But of a single murder. Or at least

Not fit alone to act it. I ha' been

Practic'd already, and though no man see't,

20

Nor scarce the eye of heaven, yet every day

I kill a prince. —Appear, thou tragic witness,

*He discovers the duke's picture, a poniard sticking in it.*

Which though it bleed not, I may boast a murder.  
 Here first the duke was painted to the life,  
 But with this pencil to the death. I love 25  
 My brain for the invention, and thus  
 Confirm'd dare trust my resolution.  
 I did suspect his youth and beauty might  
 Win some compassion when I came to kill him,  
 Or the remembrance that he is my kinsman 30  
 Might thrill my blood. Or something in his title  
 Might give my hand repulse and startle nature.  
 But thus I have arm'd myself against all pity,  
 That when I come to strike, my poniard may  
 Through all his charms as confidently wound him 35  
 As thus I stab his picture, and stare on it.  
 Methinks the duke should feel me now. Is not  
 His soul acquainted? Can he less than tremble  
 When I lift up my arm to wound his counterfeit?  
 Witches can persecute the lives of whom 40  
 They hate when they torment their senseless figures,  
 And stick the waxen model full of pins.  
 Can any stroke of mine carry less spell  
 To wound his heart, sent with as great a malice?  
 He smiles, he smiles upon me. I will dig 45  
 Thy wanton eyes out, and supply the dark  
 And hollow cells with two pitch-burning tapers,  
 Then place thee porter in some charnel house  
 To light the coffins in.

*Enter Petruchio.*

PETRUCHIO.

My lord.

LORENZO.

The duke's not come already?

PETRUCHIO.

Signior Florio

50

Desires to speak with you.

LORENZO.

This must retire

37-44. Methinks . . . malice?] *Q1*;  
*not in Q2.*

---

39. *counterfeit*] picture.

Again into my closet. Admit him.

[Draws the curtain before the picture.]

*Enter Florio.*

Welcome. How does Sciarrha?

FLORIO. He commends

His service to your lordship, and hath sent—  
LORENZO.

His sister?

55

He hopes his grace will quickly sign his pardon.

LORENZO.

It shall be done.

FLORIO. I have a suit, my lord.

LORENZO.

To me?

FLORIO. My sister would entreat your honor

She may be admitted privately, and that

I may have privilege to prepare her chamber.

60

She does retain some modesty, and would not

Trust every servant with her shame. Their eyes

Are apt to instruct their tongues.

LORENZO. I wo't see her

Myself. Command what you desire.

FLORIO. Y'are gracious.

LORENZO.

I'll give directions instantly. Poor lady.

65

This is the duke's hot blood, but heaven convert him.

Follow me, good Florio.

FLORIO. I attend, my lord.

LORENZO.

Things shall be carried honorably.

FLORIO. We are all bound to you.

*Exempt.*

[V.iii]

*Recorders. Amidea discover'd in a bed prepar'd by two Gentlewomen.*

FIRST GENTLEWOMAN.

This is a sad employment.

SECOND GENTLEWOMAN.

The last we e'er shall do my lady.

*Enter Florio.*

FLORIO.

So. Now you may return. It will become  
Your modest duties not to inquire the reason  
Of this strange service, nor to publish what 5  
Y've been commanded. *Exeunt Gentlewomen.*

Let me look upon  
My sister now. Still she retains her beauty.  
Death has been kind to leave her all this sweetness.  
Thus in a morning have I oft saluted  
My sister in her chamber, sat upon 10  
Her bed, and talk'd of many harmless passages.  
But now 'tis night, and a long night with her.  
I ne'er shall see these curtains drawn again  
Until we meet in heaven. —The duke already.

*Enter Duke and Lorenzo.*

DUKE.

May I believe?

LORENZO. Trust me, my lord, hereafter. 15

DUKE.

Call me no more thy lord, but thy companion.  
I will not wear that honor in my title  
Shall not be thine. Who's that?

LORENZO. Her brother, Florio.

DUKE.

She is abed.

LORENZO. The readier for your pastime.

She means to make a night on't. 20

FLORIO.

This shall declare thee to posterity  
The best of sisters. What of that? And is not  
A brother's life more precious than a trifle?  
I prithee do not sigh. How many ladies

20. to] Q2; no Q1.

---

11. *passages*] incidents.

Would be ambitious of thy place tonight,  
And thank his highness? Yes, and virgins, too. 25

DUKE.

He pleads for me.

LORENZO. He will deserve some office  
'Bout your person.

DUKE. With what words shall I  
Express my joy?

LORENZO. I leave you, sir, to action.

Florio is soon dismiss'd.

*Exit*

FLORIO. He's come. Good night— 30

DUKE.

Florio?

FLORIO. Your slave.

DUKE. My friend! Thou shalt be near  
Our bosom.

FLORIO. Pleasures crown your expectation. *Exit.*

DUKE.

All perfect. Till this minute I could never  
Boast I was happy. All this world has not  
A blessing to exchange. This world? 'Tis heaven; 35  
And thus I take possession of my saint.

Asleep already? 'Twere great pity to  
Disturb her dream. Yet if her soul be not  
Tir'd with the body's weight, it must convey 40  
Into her slumbers I wait here, and thus  
Seal my devotion. —What winter dwells  
*Kisses.*

Upon this lip? 'Twas no warm kiss. I'll try  
Again. —The snow is not so cold. I have  
Drunk ice, and feel a numbness spread through  
My blood at once. Ha! Let me examine 45  
A little better. Amidea! She is dead, she is dead!  
What horror doth invade me? Help, Lorenzo.  
Murder. Where is Lorenzo?

*Enter Lorenzo and Petruchio.*

LORENZO. Here, my lord.

44. feel] *Q1*; felt *Q2*.

DUKE.

Some traitor hid within the chamber. See,  
My Amidea's dead.

LORENZO.

Dead? 'Tis impossible.

50

Yet, sh'as a wound upon her breast.

DUKE.

I prithee kill me.

*They wound him.*

Ha! Wilt thou murder me, Lorenzo, villain?

Oh spare me to consider. I would live

A little longer. Treason!

55

LORENZO.

A little longer, say'ee?

It was my duty to obey you, sir.

PETRUCHIO.

Let's make him sure, my lord.

LORENZO.

What would you say? No cares but ours

Can reach his voice, but be not tedious.

60

DUKE.

Oh spare me. I may live and pardon thee.

Thy prince begs mercy from thee, that did never

Deny thee anything. Pity my poor soul.

I have not prayed.

LORENZO.

I could have wish'd you better

Prepar'd, but let your soul e'en take his chance.

65

*Wounds him again.*

DUKE.

No tear prevail? Oh whither must I wander?

Thus Caesar fell by Brutus. I shall tell

News to the world I go to, will not be

Believ'd. Lorenzo kill'd me.

LORENZO.

Will it not?

I'll presently put in security.

*[Stabs him again.]*

70

DUKE.

I am coming, Amidea, I am coming.—

For thee, inhuman murderer, expect

52. kill me.] *Q1*; kill me./ *Lo.* With  
all my heart. *Q2*.

56. say'ee] *Q1*; say ye *Q2*.

59–60. What . . . tedious.] *Q1*; not  
in *Q2*.

66. I] *Q2*; not in *Q1*.



My blood shall fly to heaven, and there inflam'd  
 Hang a prodigious meteor all thy life.  
 And when, by some as bloody hand as thine, 75  
 Thy soul is ebbing forth, it shall descend  
 In flaming drops upon thee. Oh, I faint!  
 Thou flattering world, farewell. Let princes gather  
 My dust into a glass, and learn to spend  
 Their hour of state. That's all they have, for when 80  
 That's out, time never turns the glass again. *Dies.*

LORENZO.

So, lay him beside his mistress. Hide their faces.  
 The duke dismiss'd the train came with him?

PETRUCHIO.

He did, my lord.

LORENZO.

Run to Sciarrha. Pray him come and speak wo' me. 85  
 Secure his passage to this chamber. Haste. *Exit Petruchio.*  
 He's dead. I'll trust him now, and his ghost, too.  
 Fools start at shadows. I'm in love with night  
 And her complexion.

*Enter Petruchio.*

PETRUCHIO.

My lord, he's come without your summons. 90

LORENZO.

Already? Leave us. [*Exit Petruchio.*]

*Enter Sciarrha and Florio.*

Welcome. Let embraces  
 Chain us together. —Noble Florio, welcome.—  
 But I must honor thy great soul.

SCIARRHA.

Where's the duke?

LORENZO.

They are abed together.

SCIARRHA.

Ha!

LORENZO. He's not stirring yet. 95

75-77. And when . . . upon thee.] 81. time] Q2; times Q1.  
 Q1; not in Q2. 82. Hide their faces.] Q1; not in Q2.

85. wo'] with.

Thou kill'dst thy sister, didst not?

SCIARRHA.

I preserv'd her.

LORENZO.

So, it was bravely done.

SCIARRHA.

But where's the wanton duke?

LORENZO.

Asleep, I tell you.

SCIARRHA.

And he shall sleep eternally.

LORENZO.

You cannot wake him. Look you.

SCIARRHA.

Is he dead?

LORENZO.

And in his death we two begin our life

100

Of greatness and of empire. Nay, he's dead.

SCIARRHA.

That labor's sav'd.

LORENZO.

Now I pronounce, Sciarrha,

Thy pardon, and to recompense thy loss,

The share of Florence. I'll but wear the title.

The power we'll divide.

SCIARRHA.

I like this well.

105

You told a tale once of a commonwealth

And liberty.

LORENZO.

It was to gain a faction

With discontented persons; a fine trick

To make a buzz of reformation.

My ends are compass'd. Hang the ribble-rabble.

110

SCIARRHA.

Shall we sweat for the people? Lose our breath

To get their fame?

LORENZO.

I'll have it given out

The duke did kill thy sister—

SCIARRHA.

Excellent.

LORENZO.

Having first ravish'd her. He cannot be

Too hateful. It will dull the examination

115

110. Hang] *Q1*; Dam *Q2*.

112. their] *Q1*; them *Q2*.

---

109. *make a buzz*] create a rumor.

112. *fame*] good opinion.

Of his own death. Or if that come to question—

SCIARRHA.

What if I say I kill'd him in revenge  
Of Amidea? They will pity me.  
Beside, 'twill be in your power to pardon  
Me altogether.

LORENZO. Most discreetly thought on.

120

SCIARRHA.

The devil wo'not leave us o' the sudden.

LORENZO.

Rare wit.—

[*Aside.*] How hastily he climbs the precipice  
From whence one fillip topples him to run.—  
We two shall live like brothers.

SCIARRHA.

Stay. We two?

125

Now I consider better, I have no mind  
To live at all, and you sha'not.  
I'll give you proof. If you but make a noise,  
You gallop to the devil.

LORENZO.

I'm betray'd—

SCIARRHA.

To death inevitable. —Brother, be you  
Spectator only.

130

LORENZO.

This is somewhat noble.

SCIARRHA.

Thank me not, Lorenzo. I'll not engage  
His innocence to blood. —Thy hands are white,  
Preserve 'em, Florio, and unless my arm  
Grow feeble, do not interpose thy sword,  
I charge thee.

135

LORENZO.

None to assist me? Help, Petruchio, help.

*They fight. Enter Petruchio who, offering to run at Sciarrha, is intercepted by Florio. Petruchio runs in crying "Help." Florio makes fast the door.*

Reach thy jaws wider, villain. Cry out murder,  
Treason, anything. —Hold, Oh!

123. the precipice] Q2; the the  
precipice Q1.

SCIARRHA.

Will you not fall, Colossus?

Lorenzo *falls*. 140

FLORIO.

Are not you hurt?

SCIARRHA.

I know not. Ha! Yes, he has prick'd me somewhere,

But I'll make sure of him. [*Stabs Lorenzo again.*]

Now must I follow.

I'll fight with him i'th' t'other world. —Thy hand,

Florio. Farewell. *Dies*. 145

FLORIO.

He's dead, too. 'Tis in vain for me to fly.

VOICES WITHIN.

Break open the doors.

FLORIO.

You sha'not need. [*Opens the door.*]*Enter Petruchio, Cosmo, Alonzo, Frederico, with guard.*

ALONZO.

Disarm him.

COSMO.

Lorenzo and Sciarrha slain? 150

ALONZO.

Where is the duke?

PETRUCHIO.

Look here, my lords.

ALONZO.

What traitor?

FREDERICO.

See, Amidea murder'd too.

COSMO.

I tremble. Here is a heap of tragedies. 155

ALONZO.

We must have an account from Florio.

FLORIO.

He can inform you best that brought you hither.

140. S.D.] *after l. 139 in Q1.*147. S.P. VOICES] *Oliphant; not in Q1*

ALONZO.

Lay hands upon Petruchio. Disarm him.

COSMO.

What blood is that upon his sword. 'Tis fresh.

PETRUCHIO.

I'm caught.

160

COSMO.

To tortures with him.

PETRUCHIO.

Spare your fury. Know

'Twas the best blood in Florence. I must quit

Young Florio. Lorenzo and myself

Are only guilty of the prince's death.

ALONZO.

Inhuman traitors!

165

COSMO.

But who kill'd Amidea?

FLORIO.

The duke's lust.

There was no other way to save her honor.

My brother has reveng'd it here, but fate

Denied him triumph.

ALONZO.

I never heard

Such killing stories, but 'tis meet we first

Settle the state. Cosmo, you are the next

Of blood to challenge Florence.

170

COSMO.

Pray defer

That till the morning. Drag that murderer

To prison. Florio, you must not expect

Your liberty till all things be examin'd.

175

Lorenzo, now I am above thy malice,

And will make satisfaction to Oriana.

'Tis a sad night, my lords. By these you see

There is no stay in proud mortality.

*Exeunt.*

*FINIS*

---

162. *quit*] acquit

# Appendix

## Chronology

Approximate years are indicated by\*, occurrences in doubt by (?).

### *Political and Literary Events*

### *Life and Major Works of Shurley*

1558

Accession of Queen Elizabeth.

Robert Greene born.

Thomas Kyd born.

1560

George Chapman born.

1561

Francis Bacon born.

1564

Shakespeare born.

Christopher Marlowe born.

1570

Thomas Heywood born.\*

1572

Thomas Dekker born.\*

John Donne born.

Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day.

1573

Ben Jonson born.\*

1576

The Theatre, the first permanent public theater in London, established by James Burbage.

John Marston born.

1577

The Curtain theater opened.

Holinshed's *Chronicles of England, Scotland and Ireland*.

Drake begins circumnavigation of the earth; completed 1580.

# APPENDIX

1578

John Lyly's *Euphues: The Anatomy of Wit*.

1579

John Fletcher born.

Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch's *Lives*.

1580

Thomas Middleton born.

1583

Philip Massinger born.

1584

Francis Beaumont born.\*

1586

Death of Sir Philip Sidney.

John Ford born.

1587

The Rose theater opened by Henslowe.

Marlowe's *TAMBURLAINE*, Part I.\*

Execution of Mary, Queen of Scots.  
Drake raids Cadiz.

1588

Defeat of the Spanish Armada.

Marlowe's *TAMBURLAINE*, Part II \*

1589

Greene's *FRIAR BACON AND FRIAR BUNGAY*.\*

Marlowe's *THE JEW OF MALTA*.\*

Kyd's *THE SPANISH TRAGEDY*.\*

1590

Spenser's *Faerie Queene* (Books I-III) published.

Sidney's *Arcadia* published.

Shakespeare's *HENRY VI*, Parts I-III,\* *TITUS ANDRONICUS*.\*

1591

Shakespeare's *RICHARD III*.\*

## CHRONOLOGY

1592

Marlowe's *DOCTOR FAUSTUS*\*  
and *EDWARD II.*\*

Shakespeare's *TAMING OF THE  
SHREW*\* and *THE COMEDY OF  
ERRORS*.\*

Death of Greene.

1593

Shakespeare's *LOVE'S LABOR'S  
LOST*;\* *Venus and Adonis* published.

Death of Marlowe.

Theaters closed on account of  
plague.

1594

Shakespeare's *TWO GENTLE-  
MEN OF VERONA*;\* *The Rape of  
Lucrece* published.

Shakespeare's company becomes  
Lord Chamberlain's Men.

Death of Kyd.

1595

The Swan theater built.

Sidney's *Defense of Poesy* published.

Shakespeare's *ROMEO AND  
JULIET*;\* *A MIDSUMMER  
NIGHT'S DREAM*;\* *RICHARD  
II.*\*

Raleigh's first expedition to Guana.

1596

Spenser's *Faerie Queene* (Books IV-  
VI) published.

Shakespeare's *MERCHANT OF  
VENICE*;\* *KING JOHN*.\*

James Shirley born, London, Sep-  
tember 3.\*

Baptized at St. Mary Woolchurch,  
September 7.

1597

Bacon's *Essays* (first edition).

Shakespeare's *HENRY IV*, Part I.\*

1598

Demolition of The Theatre.

Shakespeare's *MUCH ADO  
ABOUT NOTHING*;\* *HENRY IV*,  
Part II.\*



APPENDIX

Jonson's *EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOR* (first version).

Seven books of Chapman's translation of Homer's *Iliad* published.

1599

The Paul's Boys reopen their theater.

The Globe theater opened.

Shakespeare's *AS YOU LIKE IT*,\*

*HENRY V*, *JULIUS CAESAR*.\*

Marston's *ANTONIO AND MEL-LIDA*,\* Parts I and II.

Dekker's *THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY*.\*

Death of Spenser.

1600

Shakespeare's *TWELFTH NIGHT*.\*

The Fortune theater built by Alleyn.

The Children of the Chapel begin to play at the Blackfriars.

1601

Shakespeare's *HAMLET*,\* *MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR*.\*

Insurrection and execution of the Earl of Essex.

Jonson's *POETASTER* (ridiculing Marston).

1602

Shakespeare's *TROILUS AND CRESSIDA*.\*

1603

Death of Queen Elizabeth; accession of James VI of Scotland as James I.

Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essays* published.

Shakespeare's *ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL*.\*

Heywood's *A WOMAN KILLED WITH KINDNESS*.

## CHRONOLOGY

Marston's *THE MALCONTENT*.  
Shakespeare's company becomes  
the King's Men.

1604

Shakespeare's *MEASURE FOR  
MEASURE*,\* *OTHELLO*.  
Marston's *THE FAWN*.  
Chapman's *BUSSY D'AMBOIS*.

1605

Shakespeare's *KING LEAR*.  
Marston's *THE DUTCH COUR-  
TESAN*.  
Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*  
published.  
The Gunpowder Plot.

1606

Shakespeare's *MACBETH*.  
Jonson's *VOLPONE*.  
Tournear's *REVENGER'S TRAG-  
EDY*.  
The Red Bull theater built.  
Death of John Lyly.

1607

Shakespeare's *ANTONY AND  
CLEOPATRA*.  
Beaumont's *KNIGHT OF THE  
BURNING PESTLE*.  
Settlement of Jamestown, Virginia.

1608

Shakespeare's *CORIOLANUS*,\*  
*TIMON OF ATHENS*,\* *PERI-  
CLES*.\*

Admitted to Merchant Taylors'  
School, London, October 4.

Chapman's *CONSPIRACY AND  
TRAGEDY OF CHARLES, DUKE  
OF BYRON*.\*

Dekker's *Gull's Hornbook* published.  
Richard Burbage leases Blackfriars  
Theatre for King's company.  
John Milton born.

1609

Shakespeare's *CYMBELINE*;\* *Son-  
nets* published.

## APPENDIX

Jonson's *EPICOENE*.

1610

Jonson's *ALCHEMIST*.

Chapman's *REVENGE OF BUSSY  
D'AMBOIS*.\*

Richard Crashaw born.

1611

Authorized (King James) Version  
of the Bible published.

Shakespeare's *THE WINTER'S  
TALE*,\* *THE TEMPEST*.\*

Beaumont and Fletcher's *A KING  
AND NO KING*.

Tourneur's *ATHEIST'S TRAG-  
EDY*.\*

Chapman's translation of *Iliad* com-  
pleted.

1612

Webster's *THE WHITE DEVIL*.\*

1613

The Globe theater burned.

Shakespeare's *HENRY VIII* (with  
Fletcher).

Webster's *THE DUCHESS OF  
MALFI*.\*

Middleton's *A CHASTE MAID IN  
CHEAPSIDE*.

Sir Thomas Overbury murdered.

1613-1615\*

Apprenticed to Thomas Frith,  
scrivener, London.

1614

The Globe theater rebuilt.

The Hope Theatre built.

Jonson's *BARTHOLOMEW FAIR*.

1615

Matriculated, St. Catherine's Col-  
lege, Cambridge.

1616

Publication of Folio edition of  
Jonson's *Works*.

Chapman's *Whole Works of Homer*.

## CHRONOLOGY

Death of Shakespeare.

Death of Beaumont.

1617

B.A. Cambridge.

1617-1624

Ordained clergyman.

Master at Grammar School, St. Albans, Herts.

Conversion to Catholicism.

1618

Outbreak of Thirty Years War.

Execution of Raleigh.\*

*Echo, or the Unfortunate Lovers* (?) published.\*

1620

Pilgrim Fathers land at Plymouth.

1621

Middleton's *WOMEN BEWARE WOMEN*.\*

Robert Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* published.

Andrew Marvell born.

1622

Middleton and Rowley's *THE CHANGELING*.\*

Henry Vaughan born.

1623

Publication of Folio edition of Shakespeare's *COMEDIES, HISTORIES, AND TRAGEDIES*.

1624

Moved to London.

Son Mathias born.

*THE TRAGEDY OF ST. ALBANS* (?)\*\*

1625

Death of King James I; accession of Charles I.

Death of Fletcher.

*LOVE TRICKS, OR THE SCHOOL OF COMPLIMENT* (Queen's Men).

1626

Death of Tourneur.

Death of Bacon.

*THE MAID'S REVENGE, THE BROTHERS*(?), *THE WEDDING*\* (all Queen's Men).

# APPENDIX

- 1627  
Death of Middleton.
- 1628  
Ford's *THE LOVER'S MELANCHOLY*. *THE WITTY FAIR ONE* (Queen's Men).  
Petition of Right.  
Buckingham assassinated.
- 1629  
*THE GRATEFUL SERVANT* (Queen's Men).
- 1630  
*THE CONSTANT MAID (LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY)\** (Queen's Men [?]).
- 1631  
Death of Donne.  
John Dryden born. *THE TRAITOR, THE DUKE(?)*, *LOVE'S CRUELTY*, *THE HUMOROUS COURTIER\** (all Queen's Men), *THE CHANGES, OR LOVE IN A MAZE\** (Salisbury Court)
- 1632  
Massinger's *THE CITY MADAM.\** *HYDE PARK, THE BALL* (both Queen's Men), *THE ARCADIA.\**
- 1633  
Donne's *Poems* published.  
Death of George Herbert. Appointed to "Valet of the Queen's Chamber."  
*THE TRIUMPH OF PEACE* performed.  
*THE BIRD IN A CAGE, THE YOUNG ADMIRAL, THE GAMESTER* (all Queen's Men).
- 1634  
Death of Chapman, Marston, Webster.\*  
Publication of *THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN*, attributed to Shakespeare and Fletcher.  
Milton's *Comus*. *THE EXAMPLE, THE OPPORTUNITY* (both Queen's Men).
- 1635  
Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici*. *THE LADY OF PLEASURE, THE CORONATION* (both Queen's Men).

# CHRONOLOGY

1636

*THE DUKE'S MISTRESS*  
(Queen's Men).

1636-1640

Period of residence in Ireland as  
manager of theater in Werburgh  
Street, Dublin.  
*ST. PATRICK FOR IRELAND.\**

1637

Death of Jonson.

*THE ROYAL MASTER\** (London,  
Queen's Men).

1638

*THE DOUBTFUL HEIR\** (Lon-  
don, Queen's Men, later King's  
Men).

1639

First Bishops' War.  
Death of Carew.\*

*THE GENTLEMAN OF VENICE,\**  
*THE POLITICIAN\** (both London,  
King's Men).

1640

Short Parliament.  
Long Parliament impeaches Laud.  
Death of Massinger, Burton.

Returned to London; succeeded  
Massinger as chief dramatist of  
King's Men.  
*THE IMPOSTURE* (King's Men).

1641

Irish rebel.  
Death of Heywood.

*THE CARDINAL* (King's Men).

1642

Charles I leaves London; Civil War  
breaks out.  
All theaters closed by Act of Parlia-  
ment.

*THE SISTERS* (King's Men), *THE*  
*COURT SECRET* (not performed).

1642-1651

Schoolmaster in London (?).  
*The Triumph of Beauty, Honoria and*  
*Mammon.*

1643

Parliament swears to the Solemn  
League and Covenant.

1644

Joins William Cavendish, Earl of  
Newcastle, in wars (?).\*

## APPENDIX

1645

Ordinance for New Model Army enacted.

1646

End of First Civil War.

1647

Army occupies London.

Charles I forms alliance with Scots.

Publication of Folio edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's *COMEDIES AND TRAGEDIES*.

1648

Second Civil War.

1649

Execution of Charles I.

1650

Jeremy Collier born.

1651

Hobbes' *Leviathan* published.

Petition for sequestration of property for Royalist activities.

1652

First Dutch War began (ended 1654).

Thomas Otway born.

1653

Nathaniel Lee born.\*

1656

D'Avenant's *THE SIEGE OF RHODES* performed at Rutland House.

1657

John Dennis born.

1658

Death of Oliver Cromwell.

D'Avenant's *THE CRUELTY OF THE SPANIARDS IN PERU* performed at the Cockpit.

1660

Restoration of Charles II.

Theatrical patents granted to Thomas Killigrew and Sir William

## CHRONOLOGY

D'Avenant, authorizing them to form, respectively, the King's and the Duke of York's Companies.

1661

Cowley's *THE CUTTER OF COLEMAN STREET*.

D'Avenant's *THE SIEGE OF RHODES* (expanded to two parts).

1662

Charter granted to the Royal Society.

1663

Dryden's *THE WILD GALLANT*.

Tuke's *THE ADVENTURES OF FIVE HOURS*.

1664

Sir John Vanbrugh born.

Dryden's *THE RIVAL LADIES*.

Dryden and Howard's *THE INDIAN QUEEN*.

Etherege's *THE COMICAL REVENGE*.

1665

Second Dutch War began (ended 1667).

Great Plague.

Dryden's *THE INDIAN EMPEROR*.

Orrery's *MUSTAPHA*.

1666

Fire of London.

Dies, together with second wife (date of second marriage unknown); buried at St. Giles in the Fields, October 29.













